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DAISY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW: STATESMAN, PUBLICIST, DIPLOMATIST, AND ORATOR.

BRITAIN HOPES TO RECEIVE HIM AS THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S. LIKE HIS PREDECESSORS, LOWELL, BAYARD, AND HAY, HE WILL MAKE FOR THE GREAT BROTHERHOOD OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

We all greatly regret the departure of Colonel Hay from the American Embassy in London. He has won universal regards by his kindness, courtesy, and good-humour, and, above all, he has studied, as so many of his predecessors have studied, the art of combining the literary sympathies of the English-speaking nations. His appointment as Secretary of State at Washington leaves the vacant post of Ambassador to be filled by President McKinley. It does not much matter what we say on this side upon the subject; there must be many political exigencies to be considered by the President when he makes the appointment, and it is perfectly certain that whoever comes to London will be well received, and will be made to love London and England as much as his predecessors have loved London and England. We do, however, like to have a man of parts to represent America here. He is the only Ambassador from the Great Powers who speaks our language well, and it makes him so acceptable at public functions.—One thinks of Mr. Lowell's many appearances at the Working-Men's College in Great Ormond Street, of Mr. Bayard's speech at the unveiling of the Keats Memorial, of Colonel Hay at the dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club, and one wants a man with similar characteristics. The one name which occurs at once in that connection is that of Mr. Chauncey Depew. A foolish suggestion has been made that Mr. Depew is supposed to be too pleasant all round, that in England he tells us that the Americans are ready to fall on our necks, and that when in Paris he tells the people of France that they are, and always must be, the principal ally of the United States. It does not seem to me that this is a very serious indictment; an Ambassador, we know, is an honest man sent to lie abroad for his country, and that is a very small kind of lying that leads a man in one country to say the nicest thing he can think of about the people. Who is there that is accepting the hospitality of another nation but feels at

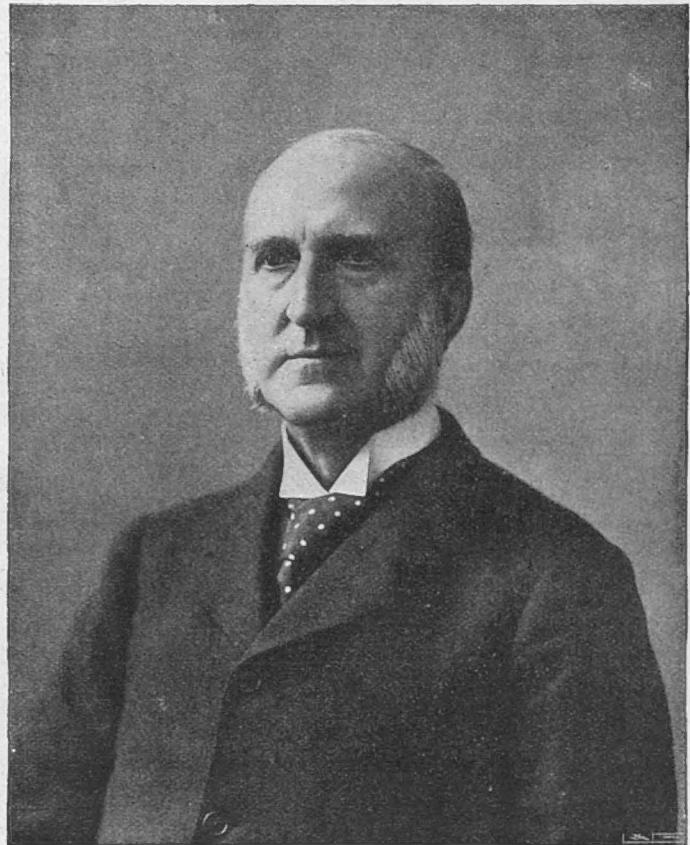


MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW'S HOUSE.
Photo by Pach Brothers, New York.

the moment that they are the most charming people in the world? This is particularly the case in France, where, after all is said, the people are veritably charming. Mr. Depew would, no doubt, do his duty to his country and to ours were he the United States Ambassador to the Court

of St. James's, and I sincerely hope that he may obtain the post. In any case, the following account of his career from Mr. C. Frank Dewey, who knows him well, may not come amiss at this juncture—

Chauncey Mitchell Depew, President of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, an eminent lawyer, orator, and



MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW.
Photo by Pach Brothers, New York.

statesman, was born in Peekskill, New York, April 23, 1834. His father, Isaac Depew, was a prominent and highly esteemed citizen of Peekskill, and his mother, born Martha Mitchell, was a lady of marked personal beauty and fine accomplishments, and a member of a New England family whose most illustrious representative was Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, she being a granddaughter of the Rev. Josiah Sherman, the brother of Roger. Her father, Chauncey R. Mitchell, was a distinguished lawyer, and famous for his eloquence. Her mother, Ann Johnston, was a daughter of Judge Robert Johnston, of Putnam County, who was Senator and Judge for many years, and owned Lake Mahopac and much of the country thereabouts. Mr. Depew's remote ancestors were French Huguenots, who left the inhospitable land of their nativity about the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, and were of those who founded New Rochelle, Westchester County, New York, in honour of La Rochelle, France, which their Huguenot progenitors had defended with dauntless courage against the assaults of their persecutors. Mr. Depew's boyhood was spent in his native village, and there he was prepared for college. He was known as an apt scholar, as a leader among his fellows, and as giving unmistakable promise of future brilliancy and usefulness.

At the age of eighteen Mr. Depew entered Yale College, and in 1856 he graduated from that college with one of the first honours of his class. On June 28, 1857, the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Yale. The year of his graduation was signalised in a political way by the organisation of the Republican Party, and his first vote for President of the United States was cast for John C. Fremont. Although of Democratic antecedents, his early interest in politics led him to prompt affiliation with the new party. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, the defiant attitude of the South in its efforts to carry slavery into Kansas and Nebraska, the unqualified opposition of the Republican Party to the extension of slavery into any of the territories, and the hostility of the Democratic Party to Congressional interference with the question of slavery in the territories or elsewhere, compelled attention. Young Depew was already well grounded in American politics, and was as well prepared to decide upon the great issue involved as upon any other question of vital moment.

He studied law in his native village, and was admitted to the Bar in 1858. In that year he was honoured by election as a delegate to the Republican State Convention, in recognition of the hearty interest he had taken in the Republican cause, and the energy and skill he had displayed

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MISS AMELIA STONE, AT THE ALHAMBRA.

She came in (and as) "A Stranger from New York"; but although the play was a failure, she rapidly made herself at home, and may become a stranger to New York, for she is now singing and dancing at the Alhambra, and is to be the "principal girl" at Drury Lane pantomime. Mr. Hana has caught her likeness admirably.

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Oswestry	... 8 40	Boulogne	... 7 50
Shrewsbury	... 10 0	Folkestone (Steamer)	... arr. 9 35
Wellington	... 10 17	(Harbour)	... dep. 9 50
Wolverhampton (Low Level)	... 10 47	Reading (G. W. R.)	... a.m.
Birmingham (Snow Hill)	... 11 10	Oxford	... dep. 12 40
Leamington	... 11 43	Banbury	... arr. 1 10
		Banbury	... 2 53
		Leamington	... 2 21
		Birmingham (Snow Hill)	... 3 31
		Wolverhampton (Low Level)	... 3 56
		Shrewsbury	... 4 42
		Wrexham	... 5 33
		Chester	... 5 51
		Birkenhead (Central)	... 6 22
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For full particulars see Time Tables.

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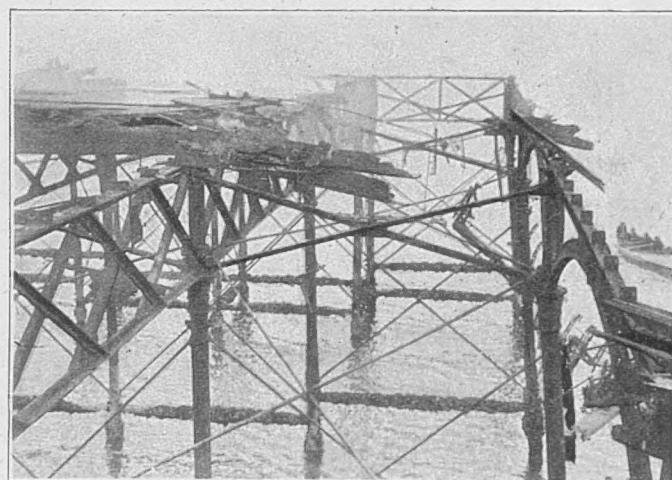
SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

For the first time in her career the Princess of Wales figures on a postage-stamp, for Newfoundland has enshrined her on the new orange three-cent stamp issued on the 1st inst. This is the third of a series of Royal portraits to appear on the stamps of Newfoundland. The first

stated, but I confess I know not whether truly, that Robert Adam repeated his triumph of Kedleston in the Government House at Calcutta, which magnificent building cost £1,000,000, and was built in the days of the Marquis Wellesley. If the statement I have referred to is correct,



REDCAR PIER: BEFORE THE FIRE.

Photographs by Hood, Middlesbrough.

REDCAR PIER: AFTER THE FIRE.

two, the one-cent stamp with her Majesty's portrait and the two-cent with that of the Prince of Wales, were issued in November last. The next will be a half-cent stamp with Prince Edward of York, and about the end of this year or beginning of next a five-cent stamp will appear which will bear the Duke of York's portrait. I am indebted to Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., of Ipswich, who have got a stock of these stamps, for the sample I reproduce.

The home of the Curzons at Kedleston, in Derbyshire, is a very beautiful one, though, by the way, it has not always received unmixed praise at the hands of historic critics. The park is some four miles from the town of Derby; it is six hundred acres in extent, and with its deer, its groves of ancient oaks, its fine old timber of many another kind, its lake, its sulphur-spring, and its lovely glades and vistas, it is an admirable specimen of an old English park. The house was built in 1765 by the celebrated Robert Adam; it consists of a centre and two wings, with a front three hundred and sixty feet long, which, with its portico with columns some thirty feet high, is very imposing. The glory of the building is, however, the great entrance-hall, nearly seventy feet high, supported by great columns of yellow alabaster.

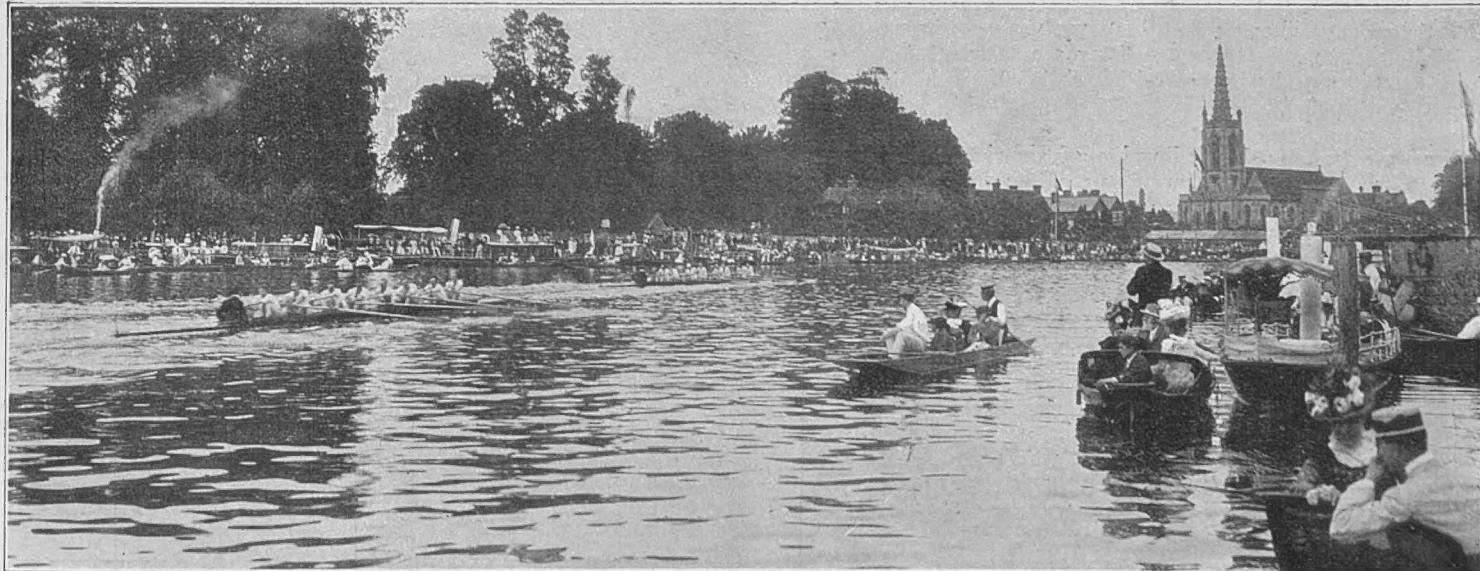
There are few finer halls throughout England, yet Dr. Johnson was dissatisfied with it, and contended that, though "costly," it was "ill-contrived." In the opinion of the great doctor, all had been sacrificed to this great hall, and he thought the low, dark bedrooms "fitter for a prison than a house of splendour." There is a fine and varied collection of pictures at Kedleston, but I believe that it has ceased to be a "show" place, and the public are no longer admitted to the alabaster glories of the hall, or, indeed, to any portion of the mansion. It has been



not only should Mr. Curzon feel at home in his new quarters in Calcutta, but the coincidence with regard to the matter is certainly a strange one.

Norway seems to be the land for journalists. The State there provides them with all kinds of special facilities. Lately, M. Loeyland, the Minister of Public Works, has accorded a fresh privilege to the Press in the shape of two scholarships worth £56 each for journalists who wish to go abroad to study. The Minister has also decided that each of the hundred and thirty Norwegian newspapers shall in future have a free ticket over all the State railways. The ticket can only be used for journeys connected with the affairs of the newspaper, and the Press Association is bound to see that this condition is observed.

Redcar is now in sackcloth and ashes, for the pier saloon and band-stand have been totally destroyed by fire. Hemming's London Concert-Party had given their concert the previous evening to a large audience of nearly a thousand persons, and at the close nothing unusual was observed; but it is conjectured that some smoker threw down a lighted wax match, which caused a smouldering fire below-deck, and which at midnight burst into flames. Assistance was quickly forthcoming, and it was attempted to extinguish the fire by buckets of salt water, but without success. A fire-engine was also brought, but, for some inexplicable reason, could render no assistance. The timber burnt like matchwood, and soon became a total wreck. The damage is estimated at £1000, and is partly covered by insurance. During its twenty-five years of existence this unlucky pier has on three occasions been cut in two by shipping, one-third of the whole pier having been cut away last year during a storm, and several minor fires have occurred.



UP THE RIVER: A SCENE AT MARLOW.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

On Aug. 5 the first excursion to Siberia organised by the International Sleeping-Car Company left Moscow, to which city the travellers return to-day. Ten years ago, says a French writer, this expedition would have seemed a delirium of the imagination, but now he anticipates that before long the passengers at the Nord Station in Paris who are on their way to Argenteuil and Montmorency will hear without emotion a



THE PLEASANTEST WAY OF GOING TO SIBERIA.

guard exclaim, "Messieurs les voyageurs pour Pékin en voiture, s'il vous plaît!" This expansion of travel is one of the most remarkable achievements of the age. The Trans-Siberian Railway has a political significance which may not be altogether agreeable to Englishmen, who will learn without enthusiasm, perhaps, that, in the course of a few years, they will be able to reach Port Arthur by rail, if the Russian authorities should be gracious. They are very gracious to the present enterprise of the International Sleeping-Car Company. There is no desire to keep travellers from London and Paris out of the country which has hitherto been associated in the European imagination with all the horrors of despotism.

The route of the train which left Moscow on the 5th was through Nijni Novgorod, Kazan, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Tartary, Samara, over the Ural Mountains (which Siberian exiles no longer cross on foot) to Tomsk and Krasnoiarsk, the present terminus of the Trans-Siberian line. It is the intention of the Sleeping-Car Company to run these excursions over the whole extent of the railway when it is completed, and every facility will be offered by the Russian Government, who have a laudable desire to show Siberia to the world. It is well known now that the penal system which treats that part of the Russian Empire much as the British Government used to treat Botany Bay is coming to an end. The prosperous dwellers in Siberia object to their country being used as a dumping-ground for convicts, who, in the near future, will probably be sent only to Saghalien. Siberia, indeed, is going to be a flourishing playground for tourists, who will interview the political exiles, and find them pretty comfortable, and acquire a useful knowledge of Russian administration. For a trifle less than £20 you can take a first-class return ticket from London to Moscow, available for forty-five days, and the excursion to Krasnoiarsk will cost £56, which will include all expenses of travel, lodging, and entertainment, except wines. It is not too much to pay for a remarkable experience.

I am pleased to join in the general congratulations to Mr. John Lane on his marriage to Mrs. Eichberg King. Mr. Lane is one of the best-known of London publishers, and one of the most original and inventive. As a publisher of the works of the minor poets, and as the projector of the *Yellow Book*, Mr. Lane has made a considerable reputation. Not only has he been the means of introducing a number of distinguished writers to the public, but he has a claim on our esteem associated with his admirable taste in artistic title-pages and in the production of tasteful books generally. In his private capacity, Mr. Lane is known to be a very loyal and genuine friend, the very embodiment of hospitality and good-comradeship. His wife—*née* Annie Eichberg—is well known in American literary and social life, and is an author of considerable distinction in the States. Mr. and Mrs. Lane were married at Selborne, a village which is so well known through Gilbert White's "Natural History." They are spending their honeymoon on the sea, having sailed for New York by the steamship *Cephalonia*.

Another publisher, Mr. James Bowden, of Henrietta Street, and his friend, Mr. Atkins—the proprietor of the *Young Man* and other journals—have sailed for America by the White Star steamship *Teutonic*; in fact, I understand that, now the war is over, British publishers are hurrying across the Atlantic with an evident desire to make up for lost time in the placing of their books.

Another wedding of interest in literary and journalistic circles is that of Mr. Arthur Pollen, a very popular journalist, who is at the present time on the editorial staff of the *Daily Mail*, to Miss Maud Lawrence. Mr. Pollen has travelled much, and he accompanied the son of Lady Henry Somerset on his travels round the world. Miss Lawrence is the daughter of the Mr. Lawrence whose name is associated with the enormous development of Linotype printing.

A wicked pawnbroker has been telling tales out of school. Some ladies, he says, ask him to appraise the value of their

jewellery in order that they may test the affection of the donors. Think of the girl of your heart going off to a "pop-shop" with the bracelet you have given her, that she may measure your ardour by the cost of the gift! Do you believe that she would do such a thing? And yet a pawnbroker speaks of it as a common occurrence! Oddly enough, he omits to tell us whether the inquisitive lady, as a rule, is satisfied with his report on her trinkets. We may take his silence on this point to mean that the generosity of man is vindicated, for, if it were not, would he not have said so?

"Dexter" writes me as follows—

Joy must now reign in the camp of the children of Life Peers, for at last, after an inexplicable delay of over twelve months, a Royal Warrant giving the date of March 30 was gazetted on Aug. 16, and, presumably, is intended to supersede the one first put on record; it gives to the issue of Life Peers not only the precedence as originally announced, but also recites full permission to use the style and title of "Honourable," as enjoyed by the children of hereditary Barons.

One can imagine, however, the grudge the individuals interested must bear against those responsible for the error of omitting all mention of style and title in the Warrant as originally drafted and registered, as well as for the *mauvais quart d'heure* they have experienced before being able to move the powers that be to set the error right.

But how about the sons' wives? It looks as if they were to be still left out in the cold as regards precedence, for the new Warrant also entirely omits reference to any but children of Life Peers. Presumably, they should all rank next after the daughters, as no special precedence is allotted to the eldest son; but the Warrant does not give any help on this point.

It is difficult to see why any *special* precedence has been accorded to the children of Life Peers at all, and why they should not have simply been given the same precedence as that of the children of hereditary Barons, for Life Peers themselves rank among the hereditary Barons according to the dates of their patents, and exactly as if their titles too were hereditary. By so doing, in all probability all friction with the newly formed Honourable Society of the Baronetage would have been avoided, as their principal ground of complaint has all along been that the conferring of such *special* precedence over the heads of all Baronets would be a contravention of the decree of James I., dated May 28, 1612, ordaining that neither he himself nor his heirs and successors should create or constitute any style, title, or dignity, or give precedence above Baronets to anyone below the degree of Lords of Parliament.

The gazetting of the Warrant above mentioned seems to be the last straw, and the pent-up wrath of the Honourable Society is now being poured forth in the Press, and likely to take definite shape, while the table of precedence, already worn-out with dignity and in need of much general overhauling, has had another anomaly added to it. Some nice points of social precedence seem looming in the near future for settlement.

Our newest acquisition, the Santa Cruz and Duff Islands, were, I believe, once better known as Queen Charlotte's Islands. There were two groups of islands of that name, one in the North Pacific, near the American coast, one in the South Pacific, about 1600 miles from Cape York Peninsula, Queensland. It is this latter group which we have just annexed. They were discovered in 1767, one authority says by Carteret, another by Wallis. The islands have been, it would appear, the scene of two catastrophes that are historical. Patteson, the well-known Bishop of Melanesia, the cousin of Coleridge the poet, was murdered by the natives on an island in this group in 1871, and it is believed that the celebrated French navigator, de la Pérouse, was wrecked in this part of the South Seas towards the end of the last century. This adventurous Frenchman sailed with two ships from France in 1785 (by the way, he is introduced by Dumas into that extraordinary scene of prophecy in the early part of "*The Queen's Necklace*"), and, after some years of adventurous voyaging, he and his ships disappeared for ever, leaving no trace behind. Whether the mystery was ever satisfactorily solved I have been unable to discover. Perhaps some of my French readers can tell me.

I learn that the ram whose picture I gave recently, and which was sold for one thousand guineas, was bought by Mr. F. Miller, of Birkenhead and Buenos Ayres, and is now on its way to Buenos Ayres.

*Mrs Julius Eichberg
has the honour of announcing
the marriage of her daughter.
Mrs Annie Eichberg King
to
Mr John Lane.
at the Parish Church Selborne.
Hampshire.
August 13th 1898.*

Boston, U.S.A.

*Mr & Mrs Lawrence
request the pleasure of
Mr. & Mrs.
company on the occasion of
the marriage of their daughter
Maud Beatrice
with
Mr Arthur Joseph Hungerford Pollen,
at the Oratory, Brompton,
on Wednesday September 7th at 11.30 A.M.
and afterwards at
the Empress Rooms,
Kensington Palace Gardens.
R.P.V.P.
Oaklands
Kenley, Surrey.*

Labrador and strawberries-and-cream—the expressions are synonymous. This place is frequently visited by visitors from Dawlish, Teignmouth, Newton Abbot, Torquay, Paignton, and even from towns farther afield. And why? In addition to the numerous attractions of the place, it may be called a monster tea-house. We all know that tea must be had



THIS IS LABRADOR IN SOUTH DEVON.

Photo by Denny, Teignmouth.

somewhere, and as it can be obtained at Labrador and partaken of with more than usual enjoyment and relish, why not visit this part, where you are sure of having fruit in season and at moderate charges?

Last week there passed away, at the chambers which he had long occupied in the Mansion of the Albany, Sir William Augustus Fraser, Bart., aged seventy-two, descendant of Simon Lord Lovat, and himself a personage in Clubland and in literary and artistic circles, though but a memory in the Household Brigade, in which he once held a Captain's commission, and in the House of Commons, where he successively represented Barnstaple, Ludlow, and Kidderminster. Sir William was proud of his family, and was not disinclined to entertain one with anecdotes concerning them. He would show you with some pride various portraits of Simon Lord Lovat, that arch-rascal's snuff-mull, and the great carved chair in which he sat. A man who had seen much, heard much, read much, with an extraordinarily retentive memory, and a picturesque manner of relating what he had heard and seen, Sir William was a tremendously voluble but extremely interesting talker. He was a hero-worshipper, and his three chief heroes were the Iron Duke, Benjamin Disraeli, and Napoleon III., about all of whom he has left works of considerable merit and interest.

Sir William's father was Aide-de-Camp to the Duke at Waterloo, and Sir William owned the table at which the Duke wrote despatches after that great victory. He would show you, too, a handsome scimitar surrendered in the Egyptian campaign to Prince Murat, which was given by that soldier to Bonaparte, and was found by Blücher in the "tyrant's" carriage, he having intended to wear it when celebrating his victory (!) at Waterloo. Blücher gave it to Wellington, and Wellington presented it to Lord Anglesey, who, in his turn, gave it to Sir William's father. Sir William had a passion for swords. He would show you swords used at Culloden; a sword that belonged to the great Marlborough, engraved with the words, "From Her Sacred Majesty, 1702"—a sword, by the way, which appears in various portraits of Anne's great General; and then, too, he possessed a sword that was Nelson's, another hero whom he loved to honour.

He had some fine Scott manuscripts—that of "Marmion" he once showed me—and he also had the manuscript of Gray's "Elegy," which is probably one of the most valuable manuscripts of comparatively modern poetry in existence. Of Byron's personal surroundings he could show his friends the despatch-box in which the poet carried his manuscripts, with "B" and a coronet engraved on a plate. In

Sir William's chambers I have sat in a chair Dickens used at Gadshill, in a chair that once supported the bulk of Thackeray, and in a chair in which the airy and inimitable Charles Mathews may have ruminated upon some new success.

As a talker he was admirable, and when engaged on martial subjects his face—a fine one, with its aquiline features, fresh complexion, and beaming eyes—lighted up with singular vividness. One of his brothers was the late General Fraser, V.C. and M.P., and in Sir William's armoury was the shield of King Theodore of Abyssinia, which the gallant General brought home from the expedition, where he accompanied Napier of Magdala. Sir William's mother was one of the gallant Craufords.

During the week the Strand has been "up," and the 'buses and traffic have had to go East *via* the Embankment—

The air is filled with creosote
And all the pavement lined with blocks;
The fumes of tarry incense float
As if some ogre meant to sup,
The wooden setts are black as *nox*—
The Strand is "up."

Once traffic surged from morn to night,
And 'buses trundled all day long;
But now there's not a horse in sight;
There's not a single thing to check
The eager, hurrying homeward throng—
The Strand's a wreck.

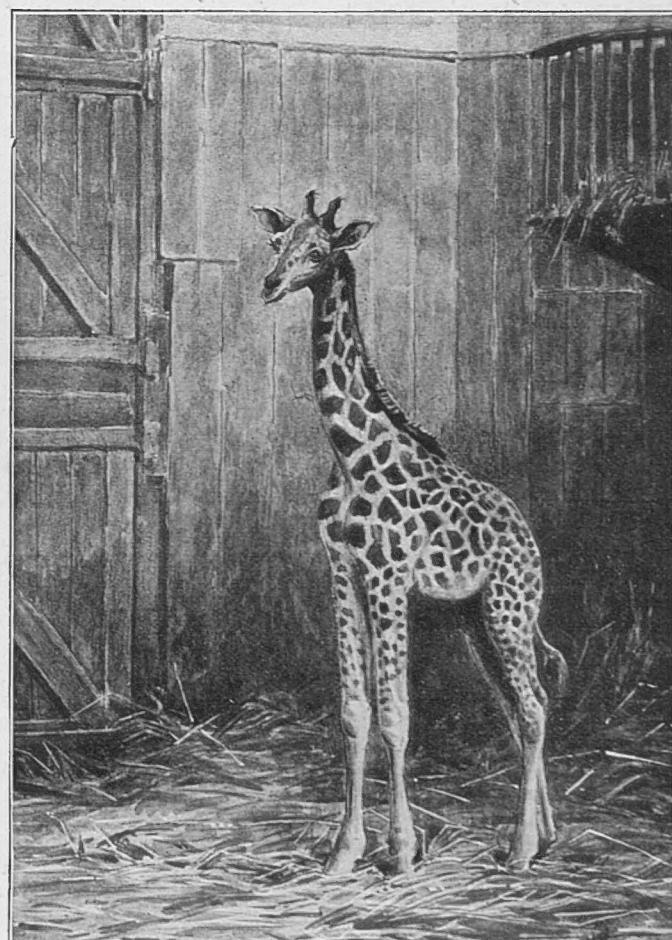
The shopmen idly lounge and stare,
For custom stands aloof to-day;
A grim desertion fills the air
Where erstwhile surged a jostling glut.
Why show their gauds in fresh array—
The Strand is shut?

But I, who can afford to ride
In naught except the Penny 'Bus,
Rejoice to see the swelling tide
Turn down the sweeping river-bank.
While other roads are populous,
The Strand is blank.

At night I see the river sweep
Between the curving lines of lamps;
And lovers, fondly feigning sleep,
Coo gently on the crowded bench;
The ever-restless traffic tramps—
The Strand's a trench.

But soon, too soon, my spacious drive
Beside the green Embankment's trees
Must end: the Strand will be alive
With miles of hansom, nimbly steered,
What time the vestry clerk decrees
"The Strand is cleared."

Here is a picture of the young giraffe that died at the "Zoo" the other day; produced from a water-colour by Miss Nellie Hadden. It was a pretty creature, and I, for one, mourn its departure from the Gardens.

THE GIRAFFE THAT DIED AT THE "ZOO."
From a Drawing by Miss N. Hadden.

The Hon. James Sivewright is as well known in Cape Colony as is his compatriot, the genial "Dr. Jim." For well-nigh a quarter of a century Sir James has had a share in the conduct of public affairs in the land of his adoption, and his influence in this capacity may be gauged by a statement in a Cape Town journal of last month, that Sir James Sivewright's "administrative little finger is thicker than the loins of all the other members of the Ministerial College." Like Alan Wilson, who perished at the Shangani River, Sir James is a Fochabers man. He told an audience at Port Elizabeth lately that nothing gave him greater pleasure than reading in the home papers the prize-lists of Aberdeen University and seeing how many students had come from his old school, Milne's Institution, Fochabers.

The story of how he got his education Sir James thought worth relating. In the service of the old Duke of Gordon, he remarked, was a servant named Milne, who, when the ukase went forth that the servants were no longer to powder their hair, and were to cut off their queues, resented this mandate, and was consequently dismissed. Milne then went to America, settled in New Orleans, and realised a fortune. He had no relatives to whom he could leave his money; he therefore bequeathed his possessions for the education of the children of his native village in Scotland. Half-a-century ago, Sir James told his auditors, in concluding his address, a handsome pile was erected, and in Fochabers and adjoining parishes "children had only to get their porridge in the morning, went off to school, disappeared until the afternoon, and all the time got their education gratis."

The Benchers of Lincoln's Inn have received a valuable addition to their picture gallery in the shape of Lawrence's portrait of Lord Chancellor Erskine. Erskine was the youngest son of the tenth Earl of

Buchan, the chief of the ancient family of Erskine. His father was very poor, and so he was packed into the Navy as a middy. Then he bought himself a commission in the Army, and married, before he was of age, the daughter of Daniel Moore, M.P. Leaving the Army, he took to the Bar and made rapid progress. His greatest triumph as a pleader was his defence of Lord George Gordon the rioter in 1780. He became Lord High Chancellor in 1806, and was raised to the peerage as Baron Erskine. The present portrait of him was painted by Lawrence for Edward Moore, the brother of the hero of Corunna, and has been presented to Lincoln's Inn by Miss Carrick Moore. The present Lord Erskine is the grandson

of the great Chancellor, and the Hon. Stuart Erskine, who became famous with the *Whirlwind*, is his great-grandson.

In speaking of Mr. Lucien Joseph Jerome, our Acting-Consul at Havana, I regret that I wrote of him as a Roman Catholic. One of his relatives informs me that he belongs to the English Church.

At the beginning of the Spanish-American War, the Government at Washington perceived to their grief and pain that, in most of the regiments, military music and fanfares were missing. To remedy this grave defect they sent large orders to France for the shrillest and cheeriest of brass instruments. The French musical-instrument makers thereupon sent over 800 big drums, 1000 trumpets, 100 bugles, not to mention lutes, sackbuts, dulcimers, and many other tinkling cymbals. Perhaps it was the inspiring influence of all this sounding brass that led the Americans into Santiago.

Heroes are above law. Even the draconian rules of Mrs. Grundy are of no avail in the presence of Richmond P. Hobson, who sank the *Merrimac*. Lieutenant Hobson has been trying to preserve his modesty at an American watering-place, but the prettiest girl there publicly requested the privilege of kissing him. This was a trying moment for the Lieutenant. Perhaps he thought the sinking of the *Merrimac* in a hail of Spanish shot was, on the whole, less trying. But what sailor ever refused to kiss a woman? The Lieutenant blushed and said he would be "very proud" to meet the lady's wishes, and so she kissed him then and there, to the joy of all the beholders, and I have no doubt that this act will be handed down to posterity like the exploit which made young Hobson the most popular man in America. But does he imagine that, now this public kissing has begun, it is likely to stop? I shall be astonished and even pained if every State of the Union does not appoint its loveliest women (elected by popular vote) to find Lieutenant Hobson and kiss him, if need be, by force. Every American family must desire to enter in its archives the fact that its girls kissed the hero of the *Merrimac*, and it is likely that the delegation plan will be upset by guerrilla bands of damsels, sworn to kiss young Hobson to the death.

The Spanish-American hostilities have ended, but the nurses' task is not nearly finished yet. One of the plucky women who went to Santiago to care for the sick and wounded is Margherita Arlina Hamm, a French-Canadian, but American by adoption. She is a granddaughter of the late Bishop Spence, and is a relative of the philosopher. Miss Hamm has been a great traveller, and is a member of several clubs. Her real name, however, is Fales, for William Fales, the traveller and literary man, is her husband. "Inspector" Hamm is a yellow-fever immune, as she has need to be for work in the neighbourhood of Santiago. She served as a nurse in the Chino-Japanese War and during the plague in Hong-Kong. Miss Hamm, who is duly commissioned as an inspector of supplies and head of the nursing staff, represents the Woman's Veteran Auxiliaries of the National Guard and Nurses Staff. Do they, I wonder, following our laudable custom

of abbreviation, call it the W.V.A.O.T.N.G.N.S. for short? Whatever they call it, the institution is one to which Miss Sketch (who will have her little quip) must bid a hearty godspeed.



THE CHIEF AMERICAN NURSE IN CUBA.

Photo by Rodewood, New York.



LAWRENCE'S PORTRAIT OF LORD CHANCELLOR ERSKINE.

Mahmud, the Dervish leader who was captured at the Battle of Atbara on Good Friday, was early subjected to the lens of the enterprising photographer. For all his haughtiness to his captors, he has yet been persuaded to autograph some of his photographs, one of which, taken by an officer of the expedition, is here reproduced.



A DERVISH LEADER WHO HAS BEEN TAKEN PRISONER: HIS MARK.

nation on earth. Here are one or two extracts from a daily paper which show the ordinary everyday language used—

An ignoble personage (this in big letters)—a rotten and mangy individual—the infamous hound who runs a disgusting rag—these Jewish curs—these vile cowards—wait till I get at them to break every bone in their bodies! These creatures who ought to be exterminated like vermin—to the pillory with them! These foul worms. . . .

Many other and more pithy extracts I could quote, but dare not, for they simply won't bear repetition.

Turkey is always considered averse from progress, but lately it seems that the Ottoman Government, with the full approval of the Sultan, is decidedly waking up. The principal provincial towns of the Empire are to be lighted with electricity, and Constantinople is to be provided with an adequate service of tramways, for the existing ones are hopelessly bad. The fires of the City of the Bosphorus are notorious, and so a fire brigade is also to be formed, on the model of the Paris one. Proper ladders, fire-escapes, pumps, &c., will be provided, things that up till now have been quite unknown in Constantinople.

Probably the newspapers of Algeria would romp away, so far as abusive language and an intimate knowledge of *la langue verte* are concerned, from every other

A few weeks ago, the little village of Dunworly, a small hamlet on the South Coast of Ireland, was put into a state of excitement by the arrival of a diver and his formidable-looking gear, and when it became known that his object was to dive and examine the spot where a pirate-ship was wrecked about three hundred years ago, not a few thought the man was mad; but his employers, Mr. T. R. Holland and Mr. J. Mulcahy, two well-known Cork gentlemen, knew what others didn't, and, having taken their bearings, the diver landed, strange to say, on the exact spot, and, on coming to the surface, reported having found twelve large cannon. These were with little delay hauled on board the tug, with some other strange old relics, and brought to Cork, where they are creating a vast amount of interest. They are coated over with an incrustation of sand, shells, iron-rust, and curious-looking beads, and also some ivory tusks are embedded in this peculiar covering, which is many inches thick. The photo represents Mr. T. R. Holland and his diver, P. Collins, and shows two of the cannon, which are joined together by this curious concrete.

A member of the First Amateur Swimming Club of Vienna has favoured me with an account of the notable feat of swimming in the Danube, down stream, from that city to Presburg, in Hungary, sixty-one kilomètres in seven hours. The feat was performed by the Rittmeister Eugène Baron Forgatsch and Herr Hans Angeli, unattended by any boat, and without any refreshment in the way of food or drink. They carried their clothes, each in a patent waterproof bag, fastened upon his back, the invention of Herr Angeli, which is said to be successful.

A curious experiment has been tried in Berlin to discover how fast the military shoemaker could work in case of war. A kind of general rehearsal was held, to which 1200 shoemakers were bidden, and they were installed in the workshops of the 1st Artillery Regiment. The trial



HANS ANGELI SWIMMING IN THE DANUBE WITH HIS CLOTHES ON HIS BACK.
Photo by Schistal, Vienna.

lasted for a month, without a moment off. The shoemakers were divided into two bodies, one for day-work and the other for night-work. They had in attendance forty workmen ready to repair the machines in case of any temporary breakdown. During the four weeks the 1200 shoemakers produced, by working day and night, the very respectable total of 2500 pairs of boots *per diem*.

The 2nd Royal Welsh Fusiliers appears to be a model battalion. Sir Howard Vincent, in the House of Commons, when pressing its claims to go to the front in the Khartoum Expedition, stated that the battalion had been for fifteen months under canvas in Crete, that its conduct throughout that period had been reported by Sir Herbert Chermside to have been unexceptionable, and that only fourteen men out of nearly a thousand had been pronounced unfit for active service.

A military correspondent writes—

In reading your item on the extraordinary attainments of Sapper Benjamin Murray, I thought you might find space in your valuable paper for something which quite puts his record in the shade, namely, the records of two of our old comrades' services with the Royal Marines, Portsmouth Division.

Pay-Sergeant Thomas Hobbins, R.M.L.I. Joined 1827. Discharged 1881 in possession of one "Meritorious Service" Medal and two "Good Conduct" Medals. I think this is the only case known of a man being in possession of two "Good Conduct" Medals.

14th Co., Private John Spratt, R.M.L.I. Joined at Winton April 20, 1805. Discharged, length of service, May 2, 1859; total service fifty-four years thirteen days. Served between the years 1805 and 1816 in the *Nemesis*, *Christian*, *Impregnable*, *Meropis*, and was present in several boat actions and cutting-out expeditions. Discharged in possession of one war medal and eleven good-conduct badges. The portraits of these two men are in the Sergeants' Mess of the Royal Marines, Gosport.

The appointment of Lord Wolseley as Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Irish Regiment marks a new departure in the British Army, as he is the only person not of royal rank holding such a position. Fifteen regiments now have Colonels-in-Chief, but these appointments are held by only seven persons. The Prince of Wales heads the three Household Cavalry regiments and the Gordons; the Duke of Cambridge commands five

regiments, the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, 17th Lancers, King's Royal Rifles, and he has just been appointed to the Middlesex Regiment (Duke of Cambridge's Own); the Czar of Russia heads the Scots Greys, the German Emperor the Royal Dragoons, the Emperor of Austria the



THESE GUNS HAVE COME FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

1st (King's) Dragoon Guards, the Duke of Connaught the Inniskilling Dragoons and the Rifle Brigade. The Duke of Cambridge is Honorary Colonel of the Grenadier Guards also, and the Duke of Connaught occupies the same position at the head of the Scots Guards.

A welcome concession to *esprit-de-corps* has been made to at least one regiment, the Royal West Surrey having been accorded the privilege of substituting their old and better-known title of "Queen's" on their shoulder-straps instead of "W. Surrey," which they have borne since 1881. As instancing how Tommy sticks to his old regimental distinctions, I remember some years ago, at the Military Exhibition held at Chelsea, hearing an old Chelsea pensioner ask a bandsman who was playing there the name of his regiment, apparently not recognising the "W. Surrey." "2nd the Queen's" was the answer, and the old man understood at once. By the way, the "Queen's" have perhaps the most peculiar badge in the British Army, as they wear on their collars and appointments "The Paschal Lamb," the badge of the Royal House of Portugal, for the "Queen's" was in its earliest history, like the Royal Dragoons, a "Tangier regiment," and from this badge and the name of their notorious colonel acquired the nickname of "Kirke's Lambs."

Apparently the territorial system is not quite the success its most ardent supporters claimed, for only the other day the Wilts and Dorset districts were made one, and Devizes ceased to be the headquarters of the 62nd District in favour of Dorchester. Now, in spite of the fact that more recruits were obtained last year at Burnley than at any dépôt in England or Scotland, the East Lancashire men are to be linked with the Loyal North Lancashire at Preston, the Burnley barracks being closed. Lord Wolsley, having visited the district, decided in favour of Preston. Last year Colonel Brownrigg, who commanded at Burnley, produced record recruiting returns, bringing some seven hundred and fifty men to the Regulars and more than twelve hundred to the Militia.

I am very sorry to think that the proposed new Strand improvement is to plough through the New Inn. It is one of the most delightful retreats I know; and to watch the porters feeding the pigeons is an object-lesson in the extraordinary variety of London life.

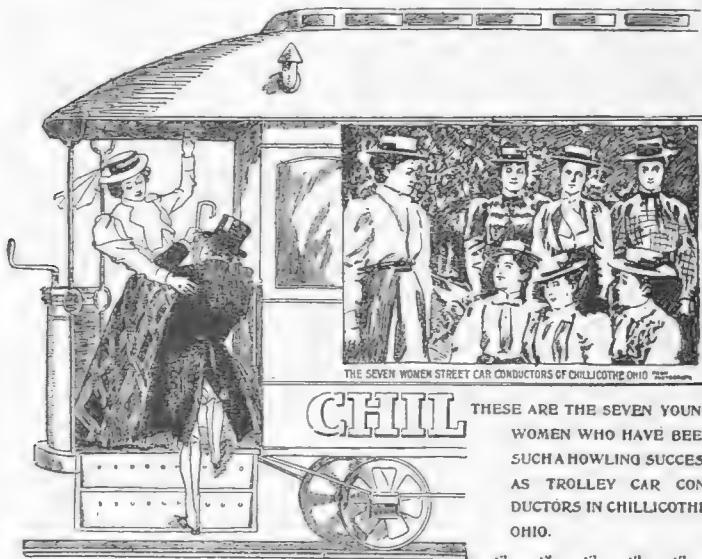


THE PIGEONS OF THE NEW INN, WHERE THE HOURS ARE STILL CRIED.
Photo by H. C. Shelley.

The Spanish Censorship is decidedly "going it." The other day some young Carlists projected a weekly satirical paper, to be called *Zumalacarregui*, after the famous Carlist General. The paper was duly set up and sent to the Censor, who began by striking out the title and ended by leaving nothing but the advertisements. The Government evidently understands that there is nothing so dangerous to it at present as satire. It would have served it right if the editors had pushed their satire a little further and issued their paper just as the Censor left it.

The *Correo Español*, the chief Carlist organ, has just received an intimation from the military authorities of additional regulations. There is a distinct touch of humour about the conclusion of the document: "His Excellency Señor Don José Chinchilla, Captain-General of New Castile and Estremadura, has much pleasure in seizing this opportunity of reiterating the expression of his sentiments of sincere affection and distinguished consideration." The Spaniards are nothing if not polite. The Captain-General's name is certainly an appropriate one for a muzz.

The latest field for women has been opened by Chillicothe, Ohio, where the eternal feminine has been tried and not found wanting as a trolley-car conductor. Seven strapping young women now foot it daintily on the board, and, as the New York *Journal's* artist fondly fancies, help the dude to climb to his place in the car. Chillicothe took to lady conductors because the automatic conductor was not a sufficient check on the fares. Many passengers were failing to deposit their nickel in the slot, which was grievous; but the company's funds would not run to the hiring of two men for each car. Here was woman's opportunity, and she has taken it—at half a man's wages. Yet even thus she is a "howling success." The company's receipts flew up. New York thought of a similar plan, but the General Superintendent of the Third Avenue Cable Company says it won't do: the population of that city is



From the New York "Journal."

too mixed for a woman to handle. In Chillicothe, he observes, no doubt everybody knows everybody else, and the lady conductors are well treated. New York is another story. "It takes an able-bodied man to find Ezra," says one of Mr. Barrie's rustics; "it requires an able-bodied man," says the Superintendent, "to take out a car in New York." Here we have struck the ultimate line of cleavage between the sexes. No training on earth can make even the best woman an able-bodied man.

The Jersey *Evening Post* is a stimulating print. I read in its columns this singular announcement—

Amongst other like meetings, the Girls' Friendly Society was very much in force on Thursday, when the annual festival took place. The Dean of Jersey preached the sermon on the occasion in the Town Church. Mrs. Hopton afterwards distributed the premiums, bonuses, and cards. This apparently serious charge will naturally have to be waited for until the prisoner is again before the Magistrate at the Pavilion, Springfield Road, and the girls and friends subsequently had a most enjoyable outing to Bouley Bay.

It is not quite clear whether the Dean or Mrs. Hopton is the prisoner in question. Or can it be that some confusion arises now and then in the office of the *Evening Post*? A Jersey correspondent tells me that the paper is owned by an enthusiastic Wesleyan, and that its editor and dramatic critic are parsons of the Church of England, one of them being brother of a Canon who has been appointed to the management of Lincoln Theological College. This may explain why the Dean's sermon or the distribution of bonuses became an "apparently serious charge" before the magistrate. Mixing drinks, I am told, is dangerous. Mixing parsons and Wesleyans with editorial labours and the drama is evidently unsafe for Deans.

The title I have given this cheque is literally true. In the language of commerce and the *Times*, the transaction was in this wise—

The Chinese Government had the option by the Treaty of Shimonoseki of paying the outstanding portion of the war indemnity to Japan by a single payment at the end of the third year from May 8, 1895, instead of by means of equal annual instalments extending until the seventh year. So the balance of the indemnity and one year's occupation expenses of Wei-Hai-Wei were paid to

the Japanese Government at the Bank of England on May 6. Sir Halliday Macartney and Mr. T. Y. Lo represented the Chinese Minister, and Mr. Yamaza and Mr. Koike the Japanese Minister, in making the payment, which, in view of the largeness of the amount—namely, £11,008,857 16s. 9d.—was made in the



FACSIMILE OF THE CHEQUE WHICH THE CHINESE PAID JAPAN FOR LICKING THEM.

presence of the Governor, the Deputy-Governor, and the Chief Cashier of the Bank. The transaction really involved a sum of nearly £13,000,000, the difference being settled in account. The payment was made by a single cheque, probably the largest that was ever drawn on the Bank of England.

Sir Thomas Lipton's visit to America has been a godsend to the Yankee journalist, inasmuch as it has proved the peg for reams of irresponsible copy. But it is not the mere visit, mind you, so much as a curious rumour as to its purpose, that has been the peg for all the vapouring. A year ago, when Sir Thomas was in the States, they said he had come for a wife. They have said it again, and this time the pressmen have gone one or two better, by kindly canvassing among eligible ladies, old and young, with a view to—the everlasting interview. Five beautiful girls of Greater New York, says the *Sunday World*, have signified their willingness. The names, addresses, and portraits of the damsels are given. I reproduce the portraits here. Four spinsters and certain fascinating widows, one of eighty-five, were also sounded, and said they loved tea and would not be averse to Sir T. given away, as it were, with—not a pound, but 60,000,000 lb. of the same, the yearly yield of the good knight's plantations. And so the quest of "Lipton's Brides," as our cousins' byword is, is carried on by a philanthropic Press, while Sir Thomas minds his own business, engineers record flotations, and shows himself a good sportsman by his spirited challenge for the American Cup.

There is an outcry from the small cookshop proprietors against Sir Thomas's scheme for establishing cheap restaurants for the poor. It is really too much to suppose that the small cookshops ought to be protected against competition of this kind. The main object of the scheme is the provision of comfortable houses of entertainment, where not only the food but also the cooking will be of a quality unusual in the poor customer's experience. Think of the cookery in the average working-class home, and say whether a distinct improvement upon this would not add to the general welfare. In this branch of social organisation our poor have always been lamentably deficient, and it stands to reason that the skill which Sir Thomas's restaurants will introduce to the poor man's notice is quite beyond the resources of the complaining



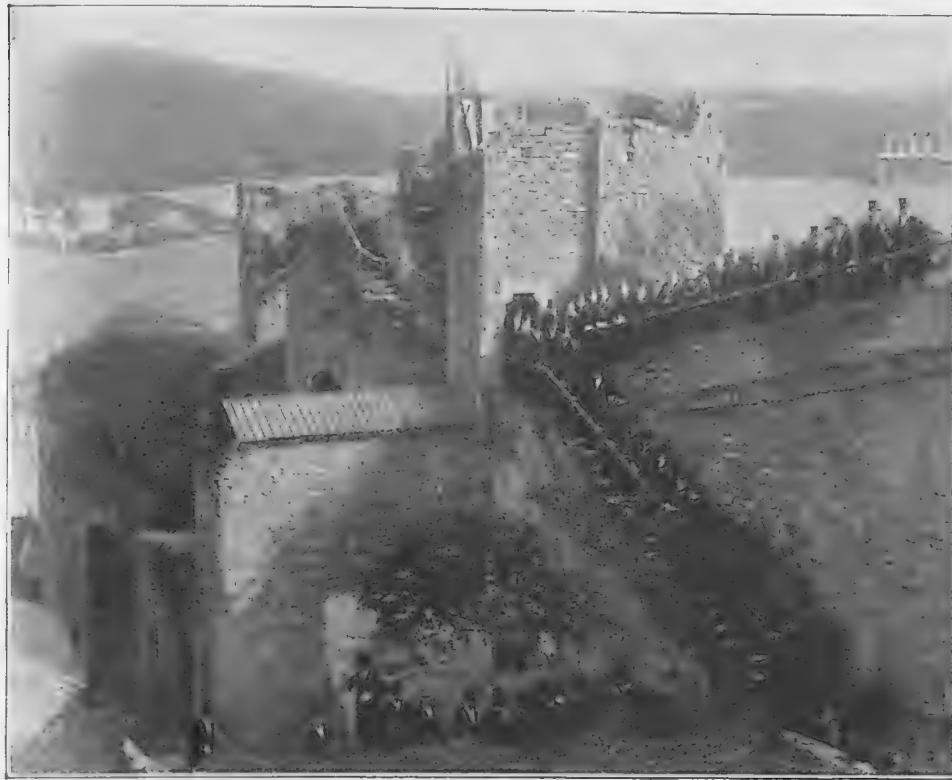
From the "New York World."

cookshops. Half the miseries of life in a certain stratum of the community are due to badly prepared food. It is idle to pretend that the man who succeeds in removing this blight from a multitude of stomachs will not be a public benefactor.

The picturesque old town of Conway is happily in the keeping of a corporation that has some idea of history. Quite recently a large portion of the walls and fortifications which surround the town have been restored after lying two centuries in a dilapidated state. At the opening of the restorations, on the 11th inst., the Constable of the Castle, Mr. Charles J. Wallace, who is also Mayor of Conway, was honoured

in 1879 for £255,230, and thrown open to the public. The temporary bridge which will for some years take its place will have its Middlesex entrance exactly opposite the Tate Gallery.

There is much rejoicing down Exmoor way. The Light Railway Commissioners sat in judgment upon the new railway scheme which was to throw Red Deer Land open to the merry tripper, and, after two days' inquiry, came to the conclusion that it would not do. They found that the owners of some nine-tenths of the land were strongly opposed to the new line, that the agricultural interest of the locality had not been duly considered by the promoters, and that the line was intended primarily to bring tourists, who are not wanted: wherefore the compulsory powers of land-purchase sought by those promoters have been refused. Meantime, the stag-hunting season has begun, and, though the cry is for rain, the Devon and Somerset Hounds have been showing sport to large fields. Less brilliant sunshine would be an advantage; the wonder is that hounds can "own the line" of a stag at all in this weather.



THE RESTORATION OF THE FORTIFICATIONS AT CONWAY CASTLE.

by the presence of some eight hundred invited guests, among them the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Lord Mostyn, Sir Hugh Ellis Ramsey, Mr. Lloyd George, M.P., and the Mayors of Flint, Carnarvon, Bangor, Denbigh, Beaumaris, and Pwllheli, all of whom wore their robes of state and chains of office. An imposing procession started from the Guildhall, and walked round the battlements, while "The March of the Men of Harlech" was played at the quaint old "Curtain Wall" by the sea. Lord Mostyn proclaimed the walls opened, and then the procession wended to the Castle, where the Constable's guests had assembled, and "Ye Revels," as in olden times, began. The programme was quaint and picturesque. The Comptroller was Colonel the Hon. Henry Mostyn; the Master of the Horse, Colonel H. Sutlej Gough, C.M.G.; the Antiquary, Sir Arthur Vicars (Ulster King of Arms). Other officers included Herald, Chamberlain, Privy Seal, Keeper of Regalia, Master of Ceremonies, Seneschal, Usher, Marshals, Sutler, Sergeant-at-Arms, Pantler, and also twenty Bachelor Retainers (the Constable is a bachelor), the Chief Retainer being Colonel C. E. Dixon. Never before perhaps has old Conway been the scene of a gayer or more brilliant gathering.

This week old Vauxhall Bridge is to be closed prior to its almost immediate demolition. Its absence will not leave much to regret in the way of beauty, neither is its history of peculiar interest. It is an iron bridge, and was designed by James Walker. It was originally called "Regent's Bridge," the first stone having been laid on May 9, 1811, by Lord Dundas as proxy for the Prince Regent. For a considerable time the works were suspended, and not until August 1813 did Prince Charles of Brunswick lay the first stone of the abutments on the Surrey side, the bridge being opened in the June of 1816. It consists of nine arches, each of seventy-eight feet span, and cost about £300,000. Some of us can remember when we had to pay toll either when on foot or in the harmless necessary "gondola of London," but it was freed by the old "Board of Perks"

elderly daughter became quite excited and instructed her friend to keep out all intruders. This was successfully done, and in her joy the old lady made another onslaught upon her thirst. "It's quite right ye are, Alice," she remarked, "to kape them out, or maybe we'd get a thipsy person in the carrij, aad a thipsy person I can't aboide by!"

We have lately had the German Emperor appearing as an architect, but the latest transformation scene has been to find him come forward as an amateur surgeon. The other day he attended one of Dr. Schwartzkopf's lectures, and reached the room at the moment when a leg was being amputated. The operation went off so well that the Emperor was seized with enthusiasm, and could not restrain himself from clapping his hands and shouting "Bravo!"



THE "PARIS" AND HER PASSENGERS.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamsted.

Miss Edith Davenport is only fourteen, but she is well known to Melbourne audiences, who have been delighted with her dancing.

Contrexéville, where Lord Salisbury is staying, is a charming retreat in the Vosges Mountains. During the season, which lasts from May 20 to Sept. 20, the famous curative spring is sought by a great many distinguished people—"L'élite de la société cosmopolite," says a very dainty descriptive pamphlet. They do these things better, or at least, more artistically, in France. The little book in question actually begins with a poem, allegorically illustrated, celebrating the mineral spring. But, alas! the unblushing medical details which follow proclaim all too obviously those limitations which bound our graceful neighbours' taste. One is reminded of a certain story in the "Soirées de Medan."



MISS EDITH DAVENPORT.
Photo by Stewart, Melbourne.

What, then, must have been M. Valfrey's feelings when he read in the *Figaro* an article in which M. André Maurel described Lord Beaconsfield as the father of Lord Salisbury? There ought to be sufficient editorial discretion in the *Figaro* office to prevent such an absurdity. I expect to read next in that journal that Sir William Harcourt is Mr. Balfour's grandfather, and that Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett is the brother of Sir Wilfrid Lawson!

The Khedive has been staying in Paris some little time. It appears that he is charmed with the city, and goes about everywhere incognito, enjoying himself immensely. Although he is only twenty-four, he is already decidedly plump, not to say portly. His manners are reserved, and even a trifle timid.

The Duchesse d'Uzès displays an amount of energy that very few people, duchesses or otherwise, would not envy; the versatility of her talents almost exceeds that of the divine Sarah herself. When she is not rushing through France at breakneck speed on an automobile, she is writing either a novel or a play, or else chiselling out a statue. There has hardly been a recent exhibition that has not contained some work in bronze or marble signed "Manuela," the pseudonym she has adopted. Her immense statue of the dramatist Emile Augier, the refusal of which by the Salon Committee, two or three years ago, created very nearly as much discussion as Rodin's Balzac, has long ornamented the town of Valence, and her most recent work, a monument to the poet Gilbert, was unveiled last Sunday at Fontenoy-la-Château.

The ingenuity of Tommy Atkins as an entertainer has many sides, but I think very few regiments have the distinction of possessing a dog-trainer. Such, however, is the good luck of the South Wales Borderers (1st Battalion), who are now at Chakrata, in the North-West Provinces. Bandsman W. G. Banks has trained his dog Bob, which you see in the photograph, to do a lot of amusing tricks. He performs in the Regimental Theatre at times, greatly to the delight of the regiment.

Anthony, the septuagenarian hippopotamus at the Paris Jardin des Plantes, is sick almost unto death. Rheumatism has laid him low, and his bed is surrounded by all the most eminent specialists, who up to the present hesitate to give a definite prognosis. "Rheumatics" are generally to be attributed to damp, and those of poor Anthony are no exception to the rule. During the recent spell of hot weather he indulged in bathing to a most reprehensible extent, throwing all prudence



A SOLDIER AND HIS PERFORMING DOG.
Photo by Clair, Meerut.

to the winds, and he is now expiating his rashness. Bulletins of the progress of the disease are eagerly scanned by everyone living within a mile radius of the gardens.

The little second-hand bookstalls, known to every visitor to Paris, spaced along the left bank of the Seine, are being temporarily disturbed to make place for the great work of preparing for the Exposition, and these first victims of the movement which between now and 1900 is doomed to stir up all Paris are getting a great deal of condolence from French literary writers whose protégés they are. Very humble, these merchants, but they can boast of having had the patronage of the greatest men in modern French letters—Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Dumas. Generations of students have sought in the modest stalls the only treasures they coveted, and from each generation that has passed on some in their turn have made books which have come back with autograph inscription to the little boxes, to be sold as precious reliques to the generation behind, till the place has become classic. Hardly a famous writer but has paid a grateful tribute to the *bouquinistes* of the *rive gauche*. Our own Gladstone has said that he found rummaging in these boxes one of the principal pleasures of Paris.

These booksellers have been assigned by the city the stone coping on the opposite side of the river, and they complain that it is not the same thing at all. There is over there no consecrating tradition to make them at home, and, what is worse, there are no patrons. Only business-men and clerks pass them by, and, far from wanting to buy old books, they look at the little stalls contemptuously, and seem to wonder why they are allowed to cumber the way. Yonder the bookseller could sell as much as twelve francs' worth a day, which permitted him to pay his yearly rental of twenty-five francs and his licence of twenty francs, and still gain wherewith to live; but over here it may happen to him not to take in five sous a day, which is misery. And to make his cup overflow, it appears that the Minister of Fine Arts has criticised his apparition on the right bank, finding that the effect he makes in front of the Tuilleries and the Louvre is not aesthetic. This charge of not being aesthetic is the excess of cruelty to a Frenchman. And so in the hot August sun the little merchant looks forlornly across the river to his old parapet, where the ruins of the Cour des Comptes have given place to scaffoldings, and the former peace and quiet to the noise and dust of preparation.

I have recently had occasion to refer to the churchyard at Beaconsfield, which has been commemorating the death of Burke. One of the most notable tenants of this God's acre is the poet Edmund Waller, who was laid to rest there in 1678, at the ripe age of eighty-two. Old as he was, however, he had not lost his cunning, for Rymer, the author of the "Fœdera," wrote the epitaph for his tomb, there declaring that, among the poets of his time, Waller was easily first, while the laurels which he gained as youth he retained to the last. (*Octogenarius haud addicavit.*)

I am glad to learn, for the sake of old England, that the giant see-saw which I illustrated last week, and which is to be erected in the Central Park, New York, is the invention of a citizen of London Town, namely, Mr. Alfred May Davis, of Esher Street, Westminster. Mr. Imre Kiralfy was responsible for the design, and is carrying out the business arrangements. By an obvious slip of the pen I wrote that the passenger would be carried to a height of 100 feet. Of course, I should have said 400 feet—the height of the tower itself.

Travelling during the dog-days is a positive penance, and particularly so by the Underground. It seems a pity that nothing can be done to mitigate the heat and general stuffiness. Why not adopt the plan used in the little Baltimore and Ohio Railway, where each seat is provided with an automatic fan, which cools not only each individual, but causes a gentle breeze throughout the compartment?

A correspondent points out another bad blunder in Mr. Birrell's and Mr. Kenyon's Browning—

Vol. II., page 8. Here Mr. Kenyon explains, "that gold snow Joyo rained on Rhodes" as "the shower of gold in which Jove visited Dannæ," which is manifestly a mistake, there being no mythological connection between Rhodes and Danaë's brazen prison-tower. The allusion, moreover, to Pindar's Seventh Olympian Ode, "commemorating the glories of that island," is hardly questionable.



MONUMENT TO EDMUND WALLER.
Photo by H. C. Shelley.

I am able to give some further pictures of the strange sculptures at Reims Cathedral, which were dealt with in these pages last week. I think the elephant in effigy is very funny.

Thirteen in number have been the Leos that have filled the Chair of Peter, and of these several have been Popes of eminence. The first of the name early obtained the appellation of "Great," leaving less honoured titles for those who might succeed. His Pontificate in the middle of the fifth century lasted over twenty years, and a fine early printed edition of his "Sermons," with a magnificent illuminated initial letter, lies before me as I write. Leo II., who lived towards the end of the seventh century, had but a short reign; Leo III. in his twenty years of rule had the honour of crowning the greatest of the mediæval Caesars, Charlemagne; the fourth Leo was an exemplary Pontiff, if nothing more; the fifth, sixth, and seventh were but transient figures early in the tenth century, and the eighth was one of the Anti-Popes. Leo IX., one of the house of Hapsburg, towards the middle of the eleventh century, illuminated the world with his learning, and was canonised.

Four hundred and sixty years elapse before we come to another Leo, the Tenth of the name, Giovanni de' Medici, illustrious for his fostering of the Renaissance, and celebrated, in a different manner, for his inability to check the Lutheran heresies. Had he been less a patron of letters and a courtier, and more of an anchorite, the Reformation



A SCULPTURED ELEPHANT IN REIMS CATHEDRAL.

might have been stayed, if not actually effected within the limits of the Church itself. Another Medici, though not of the then reigning House of Tuscany, occupied the Holy Seat for a few weeks in 1605 as Leo XI. Again a gap—of more than two hundred years—before we arrive at Leo XII., elected during the Thirty Years' Peace, when Europe was slumbering between the Napoleonic Wars and the days of '48. Last of all comes the benign and venerable Leo XIII., who is passing his closing years as occupant of the Vatican and as mediator between the sons of men. It is curious indeed that nine out of the thirteen lived before the Normans conquered "this little isle set in the silver sea."

Preparations for the coming Congress of Zionists at Basle proceed apace, and it is believed that more than five hundred delegates from Zionist Societies in all parts of the world will attend. The date is fixed. Proceedings will begin on Sunday, and last four days. I hear that the two millions required for the Zionist National Bank are already fully subscribed, and mostly by the poorer classes of Jews, who have shown a blind faith in the directors of the National movement. The preliminary bank meeting at Cologne will be attended by many financiers connected with the leading European

banking-houses. The main object of the bank is, so far as people know, to provide the means for subsidising the Sultan of Turkey, who, it is hoped, will, in return for an annual payment, let the Jews establish themselves in Palestine under his suzerainty.



GROTESQUES REMOVED FROM REIMS CATHEDRAL DURING ITS RECENT RESTORATION.

THE FATHER OF MODERN PEDESTRIANISM.

The making, maintenance, and breaking of "records" seems to be the most salient feature whereby the athletics of our time are marked off from those of earlier days. We are not fortunate enough to possess any tradition of the shortest time in which Captain Podasochus Achilles covered his *dolichos* of twenty-four *stadia*; but we do know in how many hours Captain Barclay did his thousand miles of heel-and-toe; and, though other earlier "records" are preserved, the latter, for the celebrity of his performance, and its startling originality when undertaken, fairly deserves the title at the head of this article. Perhaps some might value it now more highly than any of the three dormant Scottish titles—those of the earldoms of Airth, Menteith, and Strathearn—to which he laid unsuccessful claim in his lifetime.

Robert Barclay-Allardice was born in 1779, and was the head of a very celebrated Quaker family, the Barcelays of Uriel, in Kincardineshire.

His great-great-grandfather (whose father bought Uriel from the seventh Earl Marischal in 1648) was the Robert Barclay whose "Apology for the Quakers," published at Amsterdam in 1675, was, and is still, held by them as one of the chief bulwarks of their Society. The Barcelays, I may note, married into the Quaker families of Gurney and Bevan—hence the banking firm of Barclay, Bevan, and Co., and the famous Laird of Uriel has been immortalised by Whittier in a ballad that has an extraordinary swing about it.

Uriel was a small house in those days, very different from the present Sir Alexander Baird's palatial building. In the background of the accompanying portrait the old castle is represented, and by it may be seen the little meeting-house wherein the Friends used to worship. But, though the house was comparatively small, the estate was an important one, and the Lairds of Uriel retained their sovereign privilege of "pit and gallows" and held their Baron-Court as late as any corresponding survivals of feudalism in Scotland. The former privilege passed away long before the Barcelays' occupation; but the Court was held almost uninterruptedly



THE BERVIE AND OLD MILL, ALLARDICE.

until 1746, and its minutes furnish some entertaining reading to those who have antiquarian tastes and can wrestle with the quaintest old Scotch spelling. One comes across such entries, for instance, as—

Oct. 25, 1623. "The said day John Smyth, skipper, is ordeanit to sit xxiiij hours in the stokis for abussing off John Mowat in lawage."

Aug. 25, 1624. "The said day it is statut that eweric ssoull that ganes amangis thair nichthouris cornics sall pey a ne peck of aits or bear [barley] quhairin thay pastur."



CAPTAIN BARCLAY WALKING THE 1000 MILES IN 1000 CONSECUTIVE HOURS.

Sept. 11, 1632. "The said day compeirit William Reid . . . and complenit wpon Agnes Duncan, dochter to William Duncane thair, that the said Agnes had dung [from *ding*], strukin, and bled the said William. . . . Quhairfor the Judge decernis the said Agnes to pay ffive pundis to Alexander Fraser, procurator fiseall."

But to return to the pedestrian. His second surname, Allardice, was inherited from his mother, Sarah Anne, daughter and heiress of James Allardice of that ilk. She was his father's second wife, and brought him the estate of Allardice, in Kincardineshire, with a castellated house, very like the old house of Uriel in appearance, and picturesquely situated on a rock washed on three sides by the river Bervie. This castle fell into an almost ruinous condition, but was repaired about fifty years ago; and the work of restoration was so well done as to preserve all the main features of the building intact. It now belongs to Lord Arbuthnott. The pedestrian inherited strength. The first Laird of Uriel was one of the strongest men in the kingdom, and his sword could scarcely be lifted, much less wielded, by ordinary men. The Captain's immediate grandfather was known as "the Strong," while his own father was an enthusiastic tramp, having once walked to London, a distance of 510 miles, in ten days.

Captain Barclay himself had marvellous endurance. Here are some of his records—

1801—110 miles in 19 hours 27 minutes.
1801—90 miles in 20 hours 22 minutes.
1802—64 miles in 10 hours.
1806—100 miles (on bad roads) in 19 hours.

In 1802 he started one day at five in the morning, walked thirty miles grouse-shooting, dined at five in the afternoon, walked sixty miles



ALLARDICE CASTLE.

to his house at Uriel in eleven hours; after attending a fair, danced at a ball; returned home by 7 a.m., and spent the next day partridge-shooting, having travelled 130 miles, and been without sleep for two nights and three days.

His greatest feat, however, was walking one mile in each of one thousand successive hours, which he did at Newmarket from June 1 to July 12, 1809. His average time of walking one mile varied from 14 min. 54 sec. in the first week to 21 min. 4 sec. in the last, and his weight was reduced from 13 st. 6 lb. to 11 st. Although he had not trained himself regularly, he was so fit that he started in perfect health to join the Walcheren expedition five days after finishing his big walk.

The contemporary print reproduced here represents him walking in tights and pumps, with the tall hat and voluminous neck-cloth then *de rigeur* even when playing cricket.

Captain Barclay, to call him by his best-known name, lived to the good old age of seventy-five, spending his later years as a gentleman farmer on his own estates. He kept up his pedestrianism long after his retirement from public life, and in those trainless days thought but little of walking home to Uriel from Edinburgh, a distance of about eighty miles.

There is a story locally current to the effect that one night, when so journeying, after crossing the Forth, he was accosted at Burntisland by a fellow-traveller, who begged to be allowed the safeguard of his company on the road. In those days the toll-men were allowed to sell liquor, and, when they came to the first gate, the Captain's companion evidently expected a treat. "Well," said Barclay, "you can take what you like, but I'll only have a bannock [oateake]." This was repeated at every toll-bar; and finally, having left the Tay behind them, the travellers arrived at Arbroath. Here they parted company, and the non-abstainer asked for the first time the name of his acquaintance. Barclay told him, and learnt in return that the man was a working tailor. "Tailor or no," he replied, "I can say this for you—that you walked across Fife at five miles an hour, and drank fifteen glasses of whisky."



*It was a happy place in time of yore;
But something ails it now: the place is cursed.—WORDSWORTH.*

THE GARDENS OF THE POPE.

As one walks down the length of the Vatican Library, one is usually tempted to pause at most of the windows to take a look into the beautiful grounds just across the paved road beneath; they are the gardens of the Popes, and they are well worth the very small difficulty of getting an order to visit them, since this is accorded almost for the asking and to any party of six. The approach is the same as that leading to the Library and Sculpture Galleries, and the entrance is to the left of these.

The gate is kept by a rather seedy-looking old man in military cloak, who is frequently surrounded by a varied assortment of cats. The entrance opens on a terrace which was used in the Middle Ages as a tilting-ground; and, looking over the parapet, one sees what in the same era was a lake for mimic naval battles, but which now is an Italian garden laid out in flower-beds with paths ornamented by small orange-trees. In the centre of the parterre are the Pontifical Arms and the name of the present Pope cut in bushes of box. Beyond this garden are magnificent stone-pines and vast magnolia-trees, over which towers

St. Peter's, seen here to best advantage, both side domes being visible beside the great one. Passing part-way down the terrace, you enter under an arch to the right two long and ancient arched avenues of ilex, in the middle the sunken bed of an old canal ending in a rocky structure covered with maidenhair fern. There are kept here a cluster of remarkable animals, resembling sheep, goats, and deer. In reality they are mountain-sheep, sent as a present to the Holy Father on his Jubilee by the people of Carpineta in the Campagna, whose ancient castle is the home of his race—that of the Pecci. Close to the rockwork at the end of the hollow stands a little copy of the Grotto of Lourdes. Here visitors leave their cards.

Passing from the ilex avenues, one comes rather suddenly into a little park containing numbers of cages and wired-in enclosures. These are inhabited by lovely gold and silver pheasants, turtle-doves, and gorgeous peacocks, both white and blue; there is also a flock of geese, perhaps descended from the wardens of the Capitol.

Leaving these on the left, the explorer may wander up into a thick wood, quite surprising in its wildness after the artificial splendours of the terrace and flower-garden. This wilderness is supposed to be the site of Nero's circus, in spite of the steepness of the ascent. From the wood on the right, a capital view is obtained, over the walls of Urban, of the so-called Valle di Inferno, a hollow with its sides scooped out (probably for centuries) for brickmaking, and looking grim enough in its desolation to account for the ghastly memories attached to it of living torches forming an avenue for the Emperor's chariot. In this quarter of the grounds is the Pope's garden parlour, a rather handsome building, where his Holiness may rest or read in the intervals of taking mild exercise. In an apse, prettily frescoed with paintings of climbing plants, peacocks, and pussy-eats, are a table and a magnificent throne of red morocco and gilded wood-carving. Here black coffee is sometimes served to the Pope, and perhaps he occasionally composes the Horatian Latin verses in which he has no living rival. It would seem that he has no great taste for flowers, for the long stretch of garden in front of the summer-house is wild and neglected. To the right of this strip of ground is a very goodly vineyard. Leo XIII. has a plan of his own for its cultivation, which strikes a stranger as novel and original. Between the vines are planted thick rows of broad-beans, which are dug into the earth for manure. The yearly yield is some three thousand bottles of excellent wine, chiefly sent to various hospitals. Olive-trees are grown against the wall, but they have a sickly air. At the further end of the vineyard are some fenced enclosures containing a number of especially handsome palms, planted, perhaps, ten years ago, and growing very well. Beneath the palms two ostriches have a dwelling, and very much at home the couple appear, while their plumage keeps in very good condition. In strange neighbourhood within the next enclosure are a herd of brown and white deer and a "pelican of the wilderness," the latter a monster of ugliness, his vast bill striped with bright orange and blue.

Leaving these, and passing along by the walls of Urban VIII., you get a fine view through a window of the San Panerazio position, held by Oudinot's troops, and of the bastion defended so desperately by the international troops of the Revolution under Garibaldi in 1849, when Englishmen fought, as they did in other places, for the making of new Italy. From almost the end of the garden to the wood is a long piece of the old Leonine Wall, with its two handsome round-towers. Passing behind one of these, used as an observatory by the Specola Vaticana, which is engaged upon photographing the stars, one may walk along a broad road bordered with fine mimosa-trees, pausing a moment to inspect an aviary containing two diabolical-looking cockatoos. Here also are two more summer-houses for the Pope's use, and a smaller vineyard, in which is a most delightful trellised arcade provided with seats: this is much frequented by his Holiness during the heat of summer. A little

further on is to be found the Pontifical Villa, which forms the garden residence. It has been only lately finished, and consists of a few plain rooms added on to the second of the round-towers, one floor of which is the hall for receptions. From this a path descends to the Vatican at the end of the gardens near St. Peter's. On the way, one passes an immense grotto surmounted by an arch and a stone eagle, underneath which are cool rocky chambers full of maidenhair. The ferns grow over two huge dragons, from whose mouths streams of water flow to mingle with others, all falling into a great basin below. Beyond this are some very fine walls of sweet bay, so much of which is strewn over the old mosaic pavements of the churches on great feast-days, to give forth its rich aromatic odour at every pressure of the foot. Yet one other fountain remains to be noticed, and that the beautiful one at the bottom of the garden. In an enormous recess, surmounted by a castellated wall, is a large stone table, from which rise six jets of water, three on each side of a seventh, which spurts out star-shaped. Over the front of the table a perfect sheet of fine, transparent water flows down into the basin beneath. This is the celebrated fountain built by order of the Borghese Pope, Paul V., and it represents very faithfully an Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on a Roman altar. The arched recess is full of maidenhair, and the delicate fern is also seen through the crystal altar-cloth.

The last spot to be visited is the famed Casino of Pius IV., the most notable piece of architecture in the gardens. Hardly any building seems really beautiful when deserted, but the Casino in its loneliness is still charming. In front of a little palace covered with Renaissance stucco-work, in which old terra-cotta bas-reliefs are set, lies a courtyard, a perfect oval in shape, with walls, arched entrance-chambers, and a beautiful colonnaded loggia some ten feet high from the ground. This courtyard is surrounded with marble benches, and the walls and entrances are encrusted with pebbles and shells, suggestive of the coolness of ocean waves and breezes. This Casino was the work of the renowned architect Pirro Ligorio, and the vaulted roofs were decorated with paintings by Barocci and Zuccherino. The place was used by some Popes for the reception of Roman ladies. Without the building is a great classical fountain, with its gods and goddesses ruined and moss-grown, which will never, probably, be repaired. Nor is the Casino ever likely to be used again, for it is at the lowest level of the gardens, and the air, therefore, is not good.

The visitor now turns into the path leading to the terrace entrance, pausing to admire the magnolias and stone-pines towering upwards a little distance from the Casino. It is with a feeling of very great regret that a stranger to Rome leaves the gardens, for they are peaceful and satisfying in their undisturbed serenity beyond many of the other scenes to be visited, inasmuch as one is allowed to wander about quite alone, and there are neither guides, advertisements, nor beggars. Coupled with regret on leaving them is a sense of deep gratitude to the Pontiff, who has granted so much enjoyment to the public.—ELLEN BETHELL.



MISS MINNIE TERRY AS A BEGGAR.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



VESTIBULE OF THE POPE'S GARDEN.



A DELIGHTFUL CORNER IN THE POPE'S GARDEN.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A FLEET STREET TRAGEDY.

BY NORMAN M. GODDARD.

His appearance was that of an old man, his conversation and manner those of a young one. Always to be met at the same place, always at the same hours. Passing by the fire-station on the way to and from my home, I somehow came to know him. It may have come about through sundry lights I had given him, or perhaps a mutual attraction.

I was not the only one who knew him, though his acquaintances seemed few. But one of my more intimate friends, our conversation having drifted from one topic to another, after a short spell of silence, remarked—

"Have you ever heard Wilmer's story—you know, the man who haunts the fire-station?"

Learning that I had not, he told me all he knew.

"Some years ago," he began, "I was little more than a boy, starting life in the office of the *Report*, then, as now, a paper of some standing."

"One day a young man called, asking for work; he didn't care much what it was, though he thought he could report. Liking his eager, hopeful way, the editor offered to try him, and commissioned him to report the next big fire."

"Fires somehow seemed scarce, and days passed and yet none came. Disheartened though he must have been, Wilmer, which was the young man's name, decided to wait and watch outside one of the chief fire-stations of London. Day after day I saw him there, ever ready to rush to the scene of a fire, but for some time none came. How he lived no one seemed to know—indeed, none cared. Day by day, week by week, he grew thinner, his eyes wilder."

"At last, one morning, the fire-bell clanged; a few seconds passed, the doors of the station flew open, and the engine darted out. Eager to catch any particle of information as to the whereabouts of the fire, Wilmer darted forward."

"What happened I do not rightly know. There was a shout from the crowd, a horrible thud, and something was carried into the station, to be borne later to the hospital. That something was Wilmer."

"Two years passed. So easily do things fade from our memory that I had almost forgotten Wilmer, when one day, passing the fire-station, as was my wont, at which the accident had occurred, I was surprised to see a thin, familiar figure leaning wearily against one of the gate-posts."

"Uncertain whether he would know me after two years, I was about to pass on, when, turning his head, he caught sight of me, and crossing the road, stopped me."

"'Mr. Jackson,' he said, 'tell me, is the editor very anxious for this copy, the notice of the fire? And, Mr. Jackson, do you think he will fill the post if I'm not quick, do you? It isn't my fault, as you know; I have waited here weeks, but I've no luck—no luck.' And in his weak state he almost broke down."

"For a moment I thought he must have been to the office again. But no, I was sure he had not. Then—then he was mad; the accident, and want, had turned his brain, and he imagined that he was still waiting for copy, wholly unconscious of the two years that had elapsed."

"I hardly knew how to answer him, but, seeing the futility of trying to explain to him, I gave him the best assurances I could, and passed on. That is ten years ago, and he stands there still. He looks fifty; he cannot be more than three-and-thirty, but his weary waiting has aged him, and he is now an old man, waiting for copy, the copy which never comes."

Here my friend ended, and we sat and thought, thought of what we too might have suffered, had not luck been with us—aye, just luck.

After learning his history, I naturally grew more interested in him, and, after a short time, won my way into his heart by sundry loans of odd shillings, to be repaid after the first big fire.

One night I went to his home with him. It might more fitly be called a kennel. He was in much better spirits than I had seen him for a long time, indeed ever. Whatever was the subject of conversation I started, he would converse for a few minutes, and then lapse into chuckles of merriment, and unintelligible mutterings.

Now and then I caught the words 'fire' and "coming soon."

So engrossed was he in the contemplation of whatever it was that pleased him, that I at last gave up attempting to start a conversation, and left for home.

The next day his post was empty, and then it was that I realised what a blank his absence made in my life. Well, I would go and see him. Perhaps he was ill.

Just as I was turning away from the fire-station, the alarm-bell clanged; a jingling of harness, and the engine dashed off, bearing its brave burden on their errand of mercy to where a dull-red glow was already reflected on the sky.

Wilmer was not there, and for the time at least I bewailed the unkindness of Fate—unkind to one who had known nought but reverses and sorrow.

Anyway, I thought I would go, gather all the information I could, take it to Wilmer if he were indeed ill, and leave the rest to him. So, hailing a hansom, I was soon on my way to the fire, darting through the motley crowd pressing towards the grand but awful scene. Soon I

reached it, and I recognised the buildings as belonging to a large firm of paper-merchants.

But, though the flames were alone enough to hold one's attention, all that I saw was a short, thin figure darting here and there, taking notes, regardless of the danger from the falling masonry. It was Wilmer! His face, lit up by the gleam of the flames, was transfigured by a look of triumph. Seeing me, he quickly tore over to where I was standing.

"Ah, Jackson, the berth's mine, you see—all mine. Isn't it a glorious fire? Ha, ha! a glorious fire! And it is to make my name—my name, Jackson! The berth will be mine—all mine."

And so his brain still dwelt on that time years before; still he imagined himself a young reporter waiting for his first chance.

"But I mustn't stop here, Jackson," he chuckled; "I must see to this fire of mine."

Off he darted, and I could see him here and there amid the red glow, evading the vigilance of the watchful police, who were trying to keep the crowd out of danger.

"Stand back there! Stand back!" someone shouted, but it was too late. Crash! Part of the wall had fallen—on Wilmer!

Forward the firemen rushed, and commenced to haul the hot stonework and débris from off Wilmer; he might still live. How I prayed that it might be so, no one but God knows. Why weren't the firemen quicker? He would be suffocated. I could stand the inactivity no longer. I had to do *something* to help him. Frantically I tore the bricks away from him; my hands were horribly scorched, but I cared nothing. It was for him, for Wilmer.

At last we reached him. How still he lay! His face, blackened and burnt, still wore the look of triumph. Gently we laid him down and forced brandy between his teeth, and slowly his eyes opened.

"Jackson," he muttered wildly, "why am I lying here—how is it? Let me get up—let me go, or—or I shall be—" He made a spasmodic effort to rise, but fell back again unconscious, like one dead.

Presently his lips began to move, and I leant down, with a great sob rising in my throat, to catch his words. First, his mutterings were incoherent, but they grew plainer by degrees.

"When will the fire come?" he muttered. "It must come soon—or I shall starve—starve."

"Why—why not light one for myself—why not? It would be the beacon to light me on my way to fame—yes, I must do it." Here his ramblings grew faint, and each man looked at his neighbour as he guessed the truth. But I alone knew the whole truth.

Half-an-hour passed—an hour; we dared not move him. Wilmer grew weaker and weaker; his life, the life of no Fortune's favourite, was slowly ebbing away.

Then, of a sudden, new life seemed to possess him, and, with a glad cry, he started to his feet.

"It's my fire!" he laughed. "See how it burns—how it blazes away; it's the light of a new dawn—the dawning of my triumph—and I shall want no more—I shall—"

The tragedy was nearly played out. A gasping breath, a rattle in the throat, and he fell back into my arms—to want no more.

A LITTLE BIT OF STRING.

Where string goes to has always puzzled me more than where it comes from. Factories are always making string; old women tear it off parcels and keep it for us in their reticules; yet we are always clamouring for more.

While at Leghorn, I was invited to see a hemp-warehouse. Hemp always suggests hangmen to my mind, and I'm hanged if I know why I went. Indian hemp may be interesting, with its intoxicating qualities, but European hemp is most commonplace.

Hemp grows in Lombardy, Venetia, and the Papal States. It reaches a height of eight or ten feet, and is very fragile. A storm of hail or wind will destroy the harvest of a whole country-side. The plants are soaked in tanks of stagnant water, and then beaten either by hand or machinery, according to means. The hemp is then peeled off the sticks and made up into hanks.

The various kinds of hemp all make string of every thickness, from whip-cord to hangmen's ropes, and the softer kinds are used for weaving. Even sheets and pocket-handkerchiefs are often made of hemp, being woven very finely and then bleached. A favourite material for weaving is tow, which consists chiefly of the soft ends not strong enough for rope-making.

Peasants and farmers in Italy grow their own hemp and make their own string and sheets. It is only a question of a certain knack, a distaff, and perseverance; but a great deal of energy is wasted in attempts to work hemp on a small scale. The hemp I saw was warehoused in huge vaulted rooms, quite ecclesiastical in their architecture. Each bale weighed two hundredweight, and as there were many thousands of bales, I felt sick at the thought of the miles and miles of string they must have represented. It would not surprise me to hear that they would have suffice to tie up the world into a brown-paper parcel or make Jacob's ladder.



PHIL.

This is Mr. Phil May, the popular black-and-white Artist. He is of Irish origin, born in Leeds, but loves London, and certain aspects of Cockney life have given him his best pictures. Mr. Alfred Ellis has photographed the kindly Phil in a characteristic attitude.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

WHAT BECAME OF THE PRISONER OF ZENDA.*

A sequel to so brilliant a success as "The Prisoner of Zenda" was a critical venture, because of the artificiality of its daring plot. It turned upon the success of the most difficult and dangerous of all personations—that of a king, whose face, "in the fierce light which beats upon a



PROCLAIMING RASSENDYLL KING.

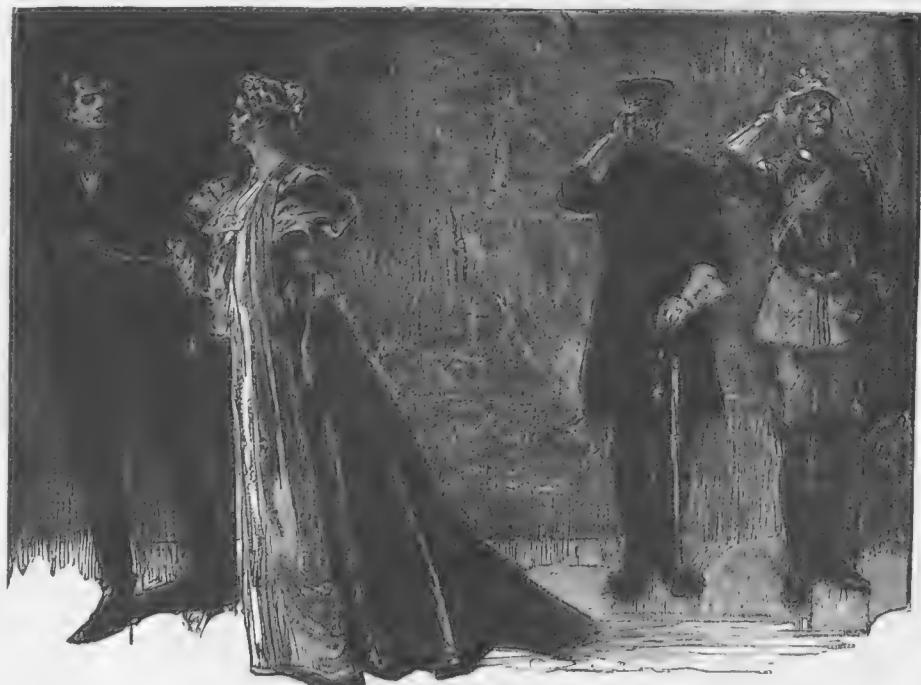
Drawn by C. D. Gibson. Reproduced from "Rupert of Hentzau."

throne," must have been seen and studied by thousands, while the detection and exposure of the imposture mattered infinitely to a whole nation and to all Europe. A scion of a noble English family "throws back" to a Prince of Ruritania, who had had with an ancestress an illicit intrigue, and the likeness to this far-off foreign forefather is so striking that the English nobleman is almost indistinguishable in appearance from the Prince who is upon the eve of being crowned Rudolph V. of Ruritania. On his visit to the capital to see the coronation, the young Englishman is induced to personate, at the very ceremony itself, the Prince, who had been drugged and imprisoned by his elder but illegitimate brother, whom a small but desperate faction wished to seat upon the throne. This impersonation involves the hero's suit to the Princess Flavia, with the inevitable consequence of their mutual and passionate attachment. Thus the young Englishman has a double motive—love and ambition—to a usurpation of the throne, while the way thereto was about to be cleared by the murder of the true Prince in the Prison of Zenda. The hero, however, resolves not only to resist the temptation and to resign the Princess and the throne, but also to rescue the Prince, and give up to him both his crown and his love. This resolve he carries out at the risk, many times over, of his life, and at the cost of desperate adventures of breathless interest, and the curtain falls upon his retirement into private life with an annual message from his lady, now the Queen, as his sole consolation.

In "Rupert of Hentzau" the curtain rises upon this annual acknowledgment by the Queen of his heroism and her implicit confession of her constancy, which, however, is to be the last letter of the kind, and is written with most compromising unreserve. This compromising letter is the pivot of the plot, since Rupert of Hentzau, a man without

fear and without conscience, hopes by possessing himself of this letter, and betraying its secret to the jealous King, to procure his own recall from exile, and the restoration of his confiscated property. Even more powerful is the motive the hero has for preventing, at all risks and costs, the compromising in this way of the honour of his royal mistress. Thus the letter plays the part of a ball between two teams perfectly matched in skill, daring, and resource. It is stolen from the man to whom the Queen entrusted it—the narrator of the story—and a copy of it is placed in the hands of Rupert's cousin to be shown to the King. To intercept this copy the hero hurries to the Castle of Zenda, where he again personates the King, and, though the impersonation is detected by the bearer of the copy, manages to wrest it from his hands. It is, however, only a copy, while the original is in the possession of Rupert. Having extorted Rupert's address from his cousin, they send him a telegram arranging a meeting with the King at the hunting-lodge that night, where they would lie in wait to seize him and recover the letter. As ill-luck would have it, however, the King, weary with the chase, took it into his head to spend that night in the hunting-lodge, and before the hero's friends reached the rendezvous his Majesty and Rupert had an interview, with a wholly unlooked-for and tragic result. Before Rupert on presenting himself could explain his appearance and produce the letter, the King's mighty boarhound made at him, and was shot down by him, and the King himself and his huntsman, in attempting to avenge the death of the dog, shared his fate. When, therefore, the hero's friends reached the hunting-lodge, they found the King dead, the huntsman dying, and their murderer, Rupert, gone, with the letter still in his possession. But the recovery of the letter became now a small matter compared with the daring undertaking suggested to them by the King's death—nothing less than the permanent personation of his Majesty by the hero, who would thus be put in possession not of the crown only, but of the Queen. All that seems needed to the success of this audacious enterprise is the burning-down of the hunting-lodge—to render the King's body irrecongnisable—the bribing of a single witness, who, as a Swiss, would probably be venal, and the consent of the hero. Meanwhile, the hero, knowing nothing of the King's death or his friends' scheme, comes by accident upon the track of Rupert, but has to run the gauntlet of many perilous adventures and encounters, thrillingly described, before he meets his foe face to face. A duel of the most thrilling kind follows, in which Rupert is shot dead.

Meanwhile, half the capital was roused by the news of the King's danger—for no one doubted the hero's identity with his Majesty—and crowded round the house wherein the duel had been fought in order to draw their Prince in triumph back to his palace. At the palace the Queen, who was in the secret not only of the personation, but also of the King's death, came forth to meet and greet him as her husband in the sight of the crowd and of the Court, and all men and things thus combined to thrust upon the hero not greatness only, but happiness. Honour alone holds him back, and would, indeed, have at once decided him against the usurpation, if that decision did not involve the loss to the Queen not merely of her happiness, but of her good name. As it is, he hesitates, demands an hour of loneliness for consideration, and, at the close of that hour, the decision is made in a way so unlooked-for and dramatic that my readers must discover it for themselves. How fortunate Mr. Hope has been in having so consummate an artist as Mr. Charles Dana Gibson may be judged from the specimens reproduced here.



RASSENDYLL AND QUEEN FLAVIA.

Drawn by C. D. Gibson. Reproduced from "Rupert of Hentzau."

* "Rupert of Hentzau: A Sequel to 'The Prisoner of Zenda.'" By Anthony Hope. Bristol: Arrowsmith.

SIR DOUGLAS STRAIGHT: POLITICIAN, LAWYER, JUDGE, AND JOURNALIST.

THE POPULAR EDITOR OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE" ON HIS CAREER.

When I caught Sir Douglas Straight in coloured flannels and straw hat the other afternoon at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office (writes a *Sketch* representative), just as the early edition of the paper had got into the hands of the newsboys, he looked as if he wanted to be off and aboard the *Indiana*, that smart steam-launch of his which is so well known on the reaches above Maidenhead.

Nevertheless, quite ready to submit, like a good old journalist and man of letters, to the torture of an interview, he welcomed me cheerily enough with the merry inquiry, "Well, what is it you want out of me?"

Sir Douglas is a tall, slim man, with clear-cut, classic features, a Vandyck beard, a woman's voice and gentle manners, who is a great favourite with all who know him, and according to his old friend, the late Mr. Montagu Williams, particularly so with the ladies. Born in 1844, he has just turned the half-century, but, being naturally erect in carriage, and time having treated him kindly, he looks much younger, notwithstanding a residence of thirteen years in India. Formerly he was a clever cricketer. He is now very fond of lawn-tennis, and has begun to play tennis. But his favourite pastime is paddling about on the water in his launch.

The son of a clever and much-respected lawyer, the late Robert Marshall Straight, Esq., Barrister-at-law and Clerk of Arraigns at the Central Criminal Court, Sir Douglas is none the less absolute architect of his own fortunes. Educated at Harrow, he was forced to interrupt his studies and leave school at the age of eighteen, through painful domestic affliction; and, going into chambers at the Middle Temple to read for the Bar, has ever since earned his own living.

"When did you first try your hand at literature, Sir Douglas?"

"While qualifying for the legal profession, and it was under the pseudonym of 'Sidney Daryl' that I became known as a writer. I have done a good deal for Cassell's, in the *Leisure Hour*, and I have also written for Routledge and Warne. Perhaps my best book is 'Old Pictures in a New Frame.' Arthur A'Beckett and I, you know, kept the *Glow-worm* alive for some time."

"Yes. But when were you called to the Bar?"

"On Nov. 11, 1865. I was twenty-one, and seven months later I figured as junior prosecuting counsel in the 'Cannon Street Murder Trial,' which was my first brief. I soon had a very large business at the Central Criminal Court and Surrey Sessions, and Sir John Holker appointed me Junior Prosecuting Counsel to the Treasury. I also acted as counsel to the London Bankers' Association."

"Can you remind me of some of your most important cases?"

"Yes. I was engaged in the Clerkenwell Explosion Trial, when I successfully defended Timothy Desmond; in the prosecution of Sarah Rachel Leverton, otherwise Madame Rachel; in the Turf Frauds prosecution, when I defended Bale, and in the prosecution of the detectives for conspiracy that followed. There were several others."

"Can you tell me anything about Mr. Hooley?"

"Nothing; but, curiously enough, I was one of the counsel for the plaintiff in the case of *Rubery v. Grant and Sampson*; when we obtained a verdict, and the business relations that were found to have existed between Baron Grant and Mr. Sampson, the City Editor of the *Times*, were disavowed by that paper."

"Now, tell me something about your political career. I think you sat for Shrewsbury?"

"Yes. I was, first of all, a candidate in 1868, but withdrew. Two years later, I was elected at a by-election, and petitioned against. When the inquiry came on for hearing, we had Serjeant Ballantine as leading counsel against us. It was a hard fight, and Ballantine said some very cruel things that raised my ire. All the upset was about a supper someone had given at a place called the Old Dun Cow. In the end, I came out of the ordeal with flying colours, and retained my seat until 1874, when I was defeated. I contested Stafford unsuccessfully in the Conservative interest in 1892."

"And what about India, Sir Douglas?"

"I went out there in 1879, after a regular deluge of farewell dinners at home, as Puisne Judge of the High Court of Judicature for the North-Western Provinces, and, during my thirteen years' residence, did a vast amount of work in connection with the Criminal Court. I made a good name for myself in working up the procedure of the lower Courts."

"Did you have any adventures with cobras or tigers, Sir Douglas?" I inquired.

"No. But at the landslip at Naini Tal, a sanitary station in the Himalayas, in the latter part of 1880, I escaped by the skin of my teeth. The whole place was destroyed, and some two hundred and fifty lives lost, of whom a fifth were British. I have my eldest boy in the Police of the North-Western Provinces, where, I am pleased to say, he is doing remarkably well."

"I noticed, Sir Douglas, that you took the chair the other evening at the annual meeting of the Cab-drivers' Benevolent Association. What do you think of it?"

"Well, I have been one of the Vice-Presidents for over a quarter of a century, and I consider it an institution that is very well looked after. The only drawback is the small number of members in comparison to the thirteen thousand cabmen on the streets of London, and its consequent small scope for usefulness. The Prince of Wales, for whom the cabmen gave three hearty cheers the other evening, and the Duke of York take great interest in the undertaking, and have both occupied the chair at public dinners in aid of the fund. At the banquet to be given in November at the Hotel Métropole, the Earl of Crewe presides."

"And what think you of Cabby?"

"A very good sort."

"I believe you and the late Montagu Williams, Sir Douglas, were very great friends?"

"Indeed we were. He succeeded me as Junior Prosecuting Counsel to the Treasury when I went to India. They used to call us 'the twins.' Once, on leaving the Guildhall, where we had been fighting a case against one another, we went arm-in-arm, intending to lunch together. As we passed down the street, we heard a bystander remark to his companion, 'Lor, Bill! Ain't we bin sold!' Why, we thought they was quarrellin' together inside. It's all a put-up job, Bill. Just look at

'em now, arm-in-arm, and roaring with laughter like two old pals.' Poor Montagu Williams relates this in his book."

"But, Sir Douglas, is it the fact that, the first time you and Montagu Williams met, you yourself were soundly cuffing the ears of two newsboys on Waterloo Bridge, because they had failed to call out the *Glow-worm* in sufficiently stentorian tones?"

"I am afraid it is. But it was a long time ago."

A STORY FROM BORDERLAND.

I have heard quite recently (writes a correspondent) a curious story from a sceptical scientific man. He was suffering from delirium consequent upon fever, and was lying in the new house in the South of France that he had purchased immediately before his illness. During the delirium one belief persisted in keeping before him. He thought that in the next room there was a man waiting to kill him. When, on his partial recovery, the doctor wished him to go to the other room, which had a better view of the sea and better light, the memory of his fear came back to him suddenly, and he positively refused to go. Throughout convalescence his dislike to the room grew upon him, and all his knowledge and reasoning powers could not avail to shake it. He had it closed, and forbade his wife and children to enter. Still the uneasy feeling continued, and at last he sold the house. Now comes a curious fact. The new owner of the premises was recently found dead in the room to which my friend would never go. He must have died in the middle of the day, for he was missed in the morning and found early in the afternoon.



SIR DOUGLAS STRAIGHT.

Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

HOW SHEEP-DOGS ARE TESTED.

"How very clever! Really wonderful!" The exclamations came from the lips of a well-known lady of title as she watched the performance of Bob, the Lancashire sheep-dog, at Tring Park; and, indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the intelligence and sagacity displayed by these animals are astonishing, and must be seen to be believed. The



ALL IN THE FOLD.

course at Tring is some five hundred yards long, and on an eminence at one end of it was the judge, the stewards, and the master of the dog; while at the other stood a van, from which the sheep were released three at a time, as required. They were Welsh or Scotch, breeds well known for their running powers. The sheep being ready, the master gives the signal, and away goes the dog, who has the sheep in sight when he starts, but soon loses his view of them as he descends the hill. This makes no difference, for he obeys his master's whistle, and stops to see the signal, which is given by a wave of the hand to the right or the left, as required. In a few minutes he has rounded the sheep, and is bringing them at a rattling pace down the course to the first obstacle, an opening in some hurdles. This is fairly easy, as the hurdles extend some distance on each side; but, having passed it, the sheep are now to be driven through obstacle No. 2, consisting of parallel hurdles, between which the sheep must be driven. Here the master is allowed to assist the dog, and, together, they bring the sheep up to the mark, and endeavour to get them through; but the animals show a decided preference for the outside, and it is only after repeated efforts that the hurdles are successfully negotiated. The third obstacle consists of hurdles placed in the shape V, through which the dog must drive them without assistance, the shepherd giving his orders by voice and gesture; and here the dog displayed great sagacity, rounding the sheep time after time, bringing them closer to the goal each time, finally crawling to within a few inches, and urging them through the opening—his success being greeted by the spectators with rounds of applause, which the shepherd tries to quieten, as it may frighten the sheep, which have still to be passed through a narrow opening in the final pen; and here, in one case, there was a failure, for the shepherd got two animals in, but the third passed round the outside, and, having lost touch with its fellows, made off down the park, and was lost, "the subsequent proceedings interesting him no more." Nine dogs

GOSSIP OF A NATURALIST.

Some very curious sites of birds' nests have been described in *The Sketch*, but I question whether any has been recorded so curious as that of the Malabar Rufous Woodpecker. Mr. Nelson, of the Indian Marine Service, writes to the *Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society* giving an account of a nest of this bird which he found in an ants' nest. In a mango-tree, about eight feet from the ground, was a black-ants' nest, "looking for all the world like a big sponge," with a circular hole in it about two and a-half inches wide at the mouth. This hole, on examination, proved to be the entrance to the woodpecker's nest, which was a fairly large cavity containing two perfectly fresh white eggs. The black-ants' nest seems to be a favourite building site for this bird. As the young, and no doubt the old, woodpeckers eat the ants whose nest has been thus unceremoniously appropriated, one might suppose that the outraged insects would desert their nest when the birds took possession. In some cases they do so, but certainly not in all, for Mr. Wilson found another nest containing a young woodpecker which he saw "pecking away vigorously" at its unlucky hosts.

Blanford and Hume, two of the best authorities on Indian bird-life, mention the fact that the Malabar Rufous Woodpecker and an allied species build in the nest of the black ant—a fearsome insect he is to the adventurous white man who climbs the tree he has made his own—and now Mr. Wilson adds a curious scrap of information received from a native. He wished to obtain a glimpse of the parent birds, in order to make sure of the species, and waited a long time for their return. The native aforesaid assured him next day that this exercise of patience was useless, stating that "the parents never



DEFYING THE DOG.

returned to look after their young, as they had all they wanted on the premises." If this be true, and the assertion has certainly a plausible air about it, we have a new example of the ingenuity of birds which shirk the full tale of domestic responsibility.

Birds, as everybody knows, regularly swallow tiny stones and bits of grit to aid digestion, but few are so particular as to the character of the stones as a hen jungle-fowl shot in the Chindwin district of Upper



WAITING TO BE DRIVEN INTO THE PEN.

Photographs by Newman, Great Berkhamstead.

competed, the same operations being performed each time, with fresh sheep. The judge, Mr. Piggott, of Long Eaton, Notts, made the following awards: First to Mr. J. Barcroft's Bob, second to Mr. W. Akrigg's Laddie, third to Mr. J. Barcroft's Sall.



THE SECOND OBSTACLE: PARALLEL HURDLES.

Burma. Mr. S. B. Bates, F.Z.S., last February saw seventeen small sapphires taken from the gizzard of this aesthetic bird! The only inference is that the jungle-fowl's eye was caught by the colour; but really she showed more taste than discretion.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINSON.

left by the last-named to its present possessor. Authentic portraits of Chopin are very scarce, and the particular drawing in question, on account of its undoubtedly genuine character and its artistic and historical associations, is of great interest.

One returns to the Exhibition of International Art at Knightsbridge with keen interest, for most of the pictures have ideas at the back of them. Among the more notable pictures is Mr. W. Y. McGregor's "Upland Landscape," a fine sample of this artist's work. Mr. McGregor studied under Mr. Legros at the Slade School. For a time he seemed to be influenced more by the realistic movement, of which Bastien Le Page was leader; but of recent years he has gone back to the teaching of his earlier years. He has re-discovered the lost arts of composition and arrangement. He is now more closely allied to the old and strong men of fifty years ago—to McCulloch and Thomson of Duddingstone—who brought composition and classic broadness into their works. A strong, healthy tendency back towards tradition is to be felt in all Mr. McGregor's present noble work.

A landscape by Mr. D. Y. Cameron strikes another note. It is delicate and harmonious: an old country-house, set in soft greens and greys, and illuminated with little, sparkling groups of figures, put in like jewels. And in portraiture how strong all these earnest originators are! After the appalling stuffed effigies—Mr. Sargent's excepted—at Burlington House, one looks with relief on the manly canvases by Mr. Guthrie or on portraits of ladies which are not only likenesses but picture-poems. Every one of these individualistic canvases would have been rejected by the Academy. And, when one looks at the long line of Whistler's superb work, one pitied that same Academy, for here, in truth, is the consummate master. Nothing in the world can surpass in rich tones, in marvellous delicacy, in subtle workmanship, the exquisite "Piano Picture." Every drag of the brush has a meaning, and the tender pathos, so simply, suggestively expressed, is haunting.

An early work, "La Princesse des Pays de la Porcelaine," is sumptuously decorative. The treatment of the Japanese robe is marvellous. What is called "Impressionism" nowadays demands that one

must stand a hundred yards away from a picture before the broken colours resolve into one mass; but in this impression of Mr. Whistler's one could touch the embroidered robe when near and yet lose nothing in the distance. Mr. Whistler is the climax, and one need say no more. Of course, it must not be forgotten that the Royal Academy is redeemed by the outstanding splendid work of Mr. Abbey—who well deserves the honour given him—of Mr. Orchardson, of Messrs. Brangwyn and Bramley, whose fine pictures deserve better hanging, and of a few others; but it is the mass of mediocre work that is so deadening. At Knightsbridge it may safely be said that each picture is treated with distinction.

A permanent photograph of an exceedingly interesting portrait of Frédéric Chopin has been published by Mr. Augustus Rischgitz. It is a copy of a drawing from life by F. Winterhalter, taken in 1847, showing the master, therefore, at the age of thirty-seven—that is, two years before his death. This drawing was given by Chopin to his friend Gutmann, and was

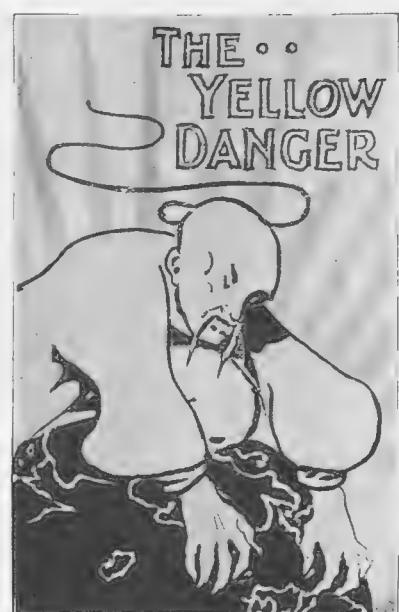
published by Hutchinson. By the death of Eugène Boudin, French art has lost a notable interpreter. This painter, who was born at Honfleur in 1825, made marine subjects his specialty. Among his most powerful pictures may be mentioned "La Bade de Brest," "La Meuse à Rotterdam," and "Un Grain." Very early in his career, when he kept a shop as picture-frame maker, &c., he became acquainted with the great Millet, whom he subsequently studied. He also owed something to Troyon, by whose recommendation the town of Havre subsidised his art studies in Paris. Boudin exhibited in the Salon as early as 1864, from which date up to 1883 he was every year represented in that exposition by one or more canvases. His style was original, and he was eminently an exponent of the Naturalistic School.

Great progress is being made at the present time with the new Paris Opéra Comique, which is built on the site of the theatre burnt down eleven years ago. Already the shell of the building is assuming a finished appearance, and the interior will probably be completed in time for the opening on Oct. 15. In fact, the only thing which now remains to be done is the fixing of the sculptural and pictorial decoration, which is now ready in the studios of the artists charged to execute it.

M. Benjamin-Constant is putting the finishing touches to his painting for the ceiling; the "avant-foyer" will receive the canvases of M. Joseph Blane, and the "foyer" those of M. Albert Maignan.

The mural paintings for the "petits foyers" will be by MM. Gervex, Gustave Toudouze, and Raphael Collin. The decoration of the two principal staircases will be by MM. François Flameng and Luc-Olivier Merson.

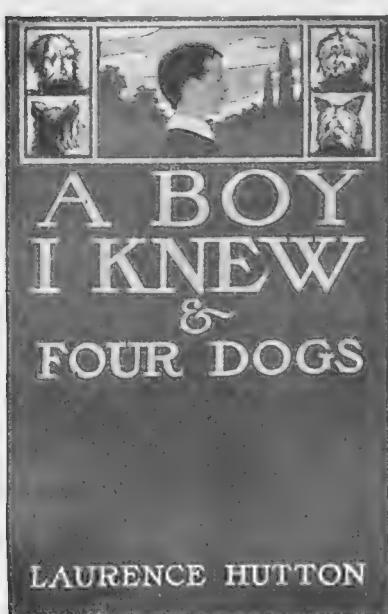
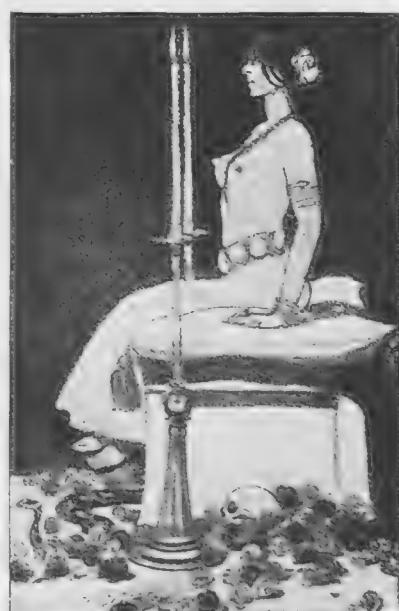
As to the sculpture, the six large caryatides in the entrance are the work of MM. Allard, Gustave Michel, and Poynot; the figures in the two niches are by MM. Guilbert and Puech. Two large statues by MM. Falguière and Mercié will ornament the principal entrance. In the small vestibule preceding the waiting-room will be placed M. Gustave Michel's "Pensée," for which the sculptor received the medal of honour at the 1896 Salon. In the interior of the theatre, above the curtain, will be two symbolical figures, by M. Marquestre, supporting a monumental shield, upon which will be the arms of the Republic. Finally, the decorative designs which will ornament the "loges" and the balcony will be by the sculptors Coutan and Lombard.



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NEW YORK.DESIGNED BY THE AUTHOR,
HALDANE MACFALL.

"A GREEK SLAVE," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

ARCHIAS, A SCULPTOR.



THE SERVANT OF HELIODORUS.



*Castles we yearn over, tumble and turn over! Much we may learn over
whirligig's whirling!*

MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT AS THE SOOTHSAYER HELIODORUS.

*A forecaster of disaster, like the Master Zoroaster, I'm the mightiest
magician of the age.*

"A GREEK SLAVE," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON AS THE PREFECT OF ROME.

Jilted but jaunty you see me to-day—feeling a trifle offended. Naughty Princess, in the orthodox way, turns up her nose and has nothing to say, save that the interview's ended. Patience a little, and soon you will see time and its whirling give her to me!

A SURVIVOR OF "BROOK FARM."

That fact should be more romantic than fiction in the case of a work like Hawthorne's famous story may sound paradoxical. Yet anyone who has heard the narrative of Brook Farm from the lips of a survivor, that survivor an Anna Blackwell, must so put the case. In the new suburban district of Hastings, lying to the east, and called Clive Vale, lives a remarkable woman, one of several remarkable sisters; the name of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the first English-woman to receive the degree of M.D., is now of European reputation; a second sister, Dr. Emily, is one of the leading physicians of New York; Miss Blackwell, their elder, the subject of the present paper, has worked in quite other fields. With her long and most successful career as Parisian Correspondent of leading colonial papers, with her works as poet, writer of fairy-tales, and essays on occult subjects, we are not concerned. For the moment it is the story, the true story, of Brook Farm with which we are privileged. Everyone presumably has read Hawthorne's entrancing story—everyone, by the way, but Miss Blackwell! Why, indeed, should she turn to pages which but faintly echo vivid memories of the past? Presumably, also, everyone knows that Brook Farm was an experiment based on Fourier's celebrated work; in other words, a Phalanstery, or associated home, no labour being paid for, all conventional distinctions being done away with, the Golden Age being brought about by rich and poor, ignorant and instructed sharing the "brown bread" of life.

Miss Blackwell, it is not necessary to say, is a lady of advanced years; but age is relative, and the bright eyes, the clear voice, the alert memory make it difficult to believe that she is telling us of 1842.

"Yes, it was in 1842 that I spent some weeks at Brook Farm, a period I look back to as the happiest of my life," she began, her handsome face brightening as she went on. "We were about a hundred, and all had brought to the scheme the most desperate devotion. Some of our number were rich, some poor, the former keeping up the place, the latter earning their livelihood; none paid for board and lodging, and all performed a certain amount of manual labour. We were, too, of all ages and conditions—the young, the old, the married, the single. Hawthorne often visited the place, but never resided there. Foremost of our Phalansterian family were Mr. Charles Dana and Mr. Ripley, scholar and preacher, both eminent men and both accompanied by their wives. Mr. Dana used to get up at five o'clock a.m. and milk the cows; Mrs. Ripley superintended the laundry, all domestic and industrial work being, of course, accomplished on the premises. We had among us an amateur shoemaker, also a carpenter, baker, &c., every branch of labour being shared by both sexes. It was a principle of Fourier that, in so far as was practicable, men and women should work together. The daily programme was arranged according to Fourier's group system, each member choosing the groups that best suited him. I worked in no less than eleven, but could not get into the favourite one, that of the washing-up. So popular was the washing-up of plates and dishes that newcomers had to wait long for a chance of admittance to the office. All the prettiest girls were in this group, and, of course, there was a great struggle among the men to enter the ranks. The work was all got through in the highest spirits; talk, laughter, story-telling accompanied every task. A good deal of flirtation went on, and during its brief existence many marriages were made at Brook Farm. Nothing more delighted the rest than any sign of love-making! I must now tell you of my own 'groups.' One of these was the lamp-cleaning and dressing department. We had seventy-two lamps, and each process had its group. Thus one set of workers collected the lamps, another cleaned them, a third—myself among the number—trimmed the wicks, a fourth filled the receptacles with oil, and so on. I also belonged to the 'baby group,' being fond of babies. One hour daily I attended to the infant Phalansterians. Then I belonged to the 'waiter group.' We had no paid servants, and, after being waited on at table ourselves, we waited on others. This was an amusing and lively service.

"All arrangements were on a scale of primitive simplicity, our food consisting chiefly of bread-stuffs, dairy produce, fruit, and vegetables. The evenings were given up to recreation, lectures, dancing, music, and so on. One of our number, Mr. Dwight, was an accomplished musician. We all put on our best clothes when work was done; and now I must tell the history of the Brook Farm bonnet. The ladies had only one bonnet between them, and when any of us wanted to catch the Boston stage-coach, each by turns utilised the bonnet. Ah, it was a happy, happy time!" And then the narrator paused and sighed.

"And why did Brook Farm come to such speedy end?" I asked.

"My own connection with it ended in this way. At the time of my stay I had under my care a young sister, and, as there was no room for



MISS ANNA BLACKWELL OF "BROOK FARM."

her, I felt compelled to leave on my charge's account. But the failure of the experiment was a sheer matter of money. Want of funds brought about the ultimate fiasco. Brook Farm, as I knew it in 1842, consisted of half-a-dozen old houses in the country lying near together. This arrangement was naturally very inconvenient, especially in winter. After some time, money was collected for building, and new, commodious premises were begun. When near completion, the place caught fire; some of us suspected the work of an incendiary and the promptings of theological intolerance. It had not been insured, and, no further money forthcoming, the scheme fell through. But it was a sad pity!"

A sad pity, indeed! Brook Farm the dream, however, will keep alive memory of Brook Farm the reality. What, perhaps, the combined millionaires of the New World could not effect has been achieved by a quill and a ream of paper. Zenobia of the crimson flower and meek little Priscilla are among the immortals of fiction.—M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

FAREWELLS.

The Writer of these Sketches is the Wife of Brigadier-General Hammond, who has seen her Husband start on Fire Expeditions.

A blazing sun blistering the white paint on a monotonous row of level houses, only broken by lines of bright-green jalousies, and little mirrors projecting from each sitting-room window. Swirls of white dust twisting round the solitary little figure of a small child, who somehow looked out of place in the landscape. So she was, a little English maiden, walking with her head up and a defiant manner through the streets of an alien town. Defiance and war were somehow in the air, and, though she did not understand why, she felt impelled to sing at the top of her voice "God Save the Queen." A curious manifestation in a child of the spirit which has made our nation what it is. War, as I say, was in the air, and when she reached the hotel where her mother was, and sat in the balcony trying to get cool, the breathless silence was broken by a curious sound, such as she had never heard before: like the "munch, munch" of hundreds of silkworms in a silk-grower's room.

It grew louder, and steadily, steadily, round the corner wound a long blue snake with glints of gold and silver here and there. This resolved itself into rows of stalwart men, swinging their arms as they marched, absolutely expressionless, absolutely irresistible. It was the autumn of 1870, and this was the departure of the Darmstadt battalion for the front. They passed away in the distance unwatched, unaccompanied, all farewell tears decorously hidden behind the long lines of green jalousies, all farewell glances taken by means of the little reflectors fastened to the windows.

Orders were issued for all foreigners to leave both the belligerent countries, so that the little girl was taken by her mother to Dunkirk. There another picture was added to her mental gallery.

It was outside a railway-station, and between the slats of the high palings could be seen a train crammed with shouting, gesticulating, uproarious little men with blue coats, red breeches, and pointed moustaches.

Priests and patriots passed by giving blessings and "Petit verres" indiscriminately.

On the left was a doorway protected by two soldiers with bayonets crossed. Outside, a seething mass of shrieking, sobbing women with dishevelled hair and dress and swollen red eyes, some with frightened little ones clinging to them, some soft-eyed and tender, some bold-eyed and fierce. Gradually, as this human wave swayed to and fro, a few bolder voices shouted, "A bas la barrière!" and, with an irresistible surge, like the final splash of the highest wave over a sand-heap, the feminine foam washed over the sentries and in a moment swayed up to the carriages and clung there screaming. It was an extraordinary scene of confusion and misery, only ended by the slow onward movement of the train, carrying most of those in it to their death among the troops of Prussia.

A cool, grey dawn; long, low lines of whitewashed huts; a few belated stars looking down on compact groups of men on foot, a few officers standing here and there. Still fewer ladies, pale and composed, with that smile which, to a close observer, is rather worse than tears. In the background a tramping circle of mules.

A bugle-call, a stir and march, a company of squat, Tartar-faced little fellows, the Indian bulldog, the well-known Gurkha. Then a company of tall, lithe, quiet-faced men, some red-haired and blue-eyed, the best shots in the Indian army, Afridis, loyal to their salt.

Then, with swinging gait, haughty air, and magnificent turbans, in which sparkle quoits, swagger forward the noble Sikhs, who fought us so well not long since. After them more companies, Dogras, Punjabis, Hindus, all welded into one good fighting weapon by the discipline and skill of the few white rulers. The Colonel takes his place at the head, the fat old Drum-Major swings his silver baton, and the first ray of the rising sun sees the regiment march off towards Chitral.

The few ladies turn homewards, the slow, unwilling tears washing away that difficult smile from their faces, now that there is no further need to send off their dear ones cheerfully, and go back to housekeep and dress the babies, as usual. An aching heart makes no difference, and the day seems curiously commonplace to the actors in it.

But it is a happy country to whose sons and daughters duty seems the commonplace, and pluck and self-denial "all in the day's work."

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



LITTLE GIRL (*to small boy, who is strutting around with his hands in his pockets*) : Come over and play with me, Johnny.

SMALL BOY : Can't.

LITTLE GIRL : Go and ask your mother if you can.

SMALL BOY : Can't ask her ; she is out somewhere, looking for me.

THE MORNING MILK IN BRUSSELS.

The historic and artistic charm of the old-world cities of Belgium and Holland, with their fascinations of quaint, quiet life, is enriched by their rustic peasant life and unique modes of locomotion, for which all sorts of animals are used as motive-powers. Always industrious and thrifty peoples, they surely deserve their well-to-do-ness, and one of the most



A BRUGES MILK-SELLER.

striking instances of the economy of the country (to a foreigner) is the active part which their women and dogs take in the struggle for existence, quiet and even though it be; perhaps the most remarkable being the use made of that friend of man the faithful hound. Naturally, with steam and electric trams running through the streets, one at once notices the dearth of horses, for of the use of these animals the Flemings are very economical, and very much of the work which would be done by them here, or else by the donkey or pony of the *coster*, is there performed by yokes of one, two, three, and even four dogs, for they are always used to draw the milk-carts and all lighter traps. They are frequently harnessed, and sometimes even gaily caparisoned, and run, like oxen, often as many as four abreast. Yet their most common and surely a very sensible use is to be strapped either in front of or under a hand-cart, pushed by either a man or woman, and it is wonderful to see the pleasure they take in doing their share of the pulling. For this use dogs of every description and breed are used, from small terriers to the strongest and most massive build of mastiff, St. Bernard, retriever, and Big Dane, all looking joyous, strong, and happy, and taking an intelligent interest in helping their masters—not in the least like the dog once so useful in England, the long-bodied, crooked-legged, and ugly, unhappy-looking turnspit, who was ever weary of his tasks, performing them like a prisoner upon a treadmill, and, when resting, frequently kicked about the kitchen, curs of the most wretched and coarsest kind. The use of dogs for drawing carts was abolished in London in 1839, and in the United Kingdom in 1854, so that there are many still alive who well remember their usefulness, or, as the writer heard an old man say, "the tremendous bat at which they would come down the hill on the Old Bath Road" into that beautiful Western city, but the use of the turnspit and "dog-wheel" is a thing now scarcely within the memory of living man. To-day we have to make a few hours' journey over the sea to see a healthy dog doing much to aid in the support of a family of which he is an honoured, well-fed, and well-treated member—a real "four-footed hustler." In Belgium and Holland life still runs on very even lines; no one hurries, and there is always time for a friendly chat at a street-corner or in front of a neighbour's door, so that the dog gets many a rest on his travels; and he takes it promptly, though he never seems to get weary, but always has a bright look, a loving lick, or a wag of his tail for the kindly hand that pats him in passing. Here idleness is disesteemed and no useless thing is kept; everything is put to some convenient use with a frugality which brings great plenty and general contentedness, for each one earns the bit he eats; each has his task and does it well.

H. T.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

When the history of the present important epoch comes to be written—and important it is, though, perhaps, not to the degree, or in the ways we may think—the future historian of England will have hard measure to expect from the incredulous critic. "How does it come to pass," the critic will say, "that this Government of Lord Salisbury showed at one and the same time such firm determination and such vacillating timidity? How was it that the British troops smashed the Khalifa at Omdurman (which is anticipating, but not for long), and that British representatives were allowed to do much as they chose in Egypt, with hardly more than a disconsolate whimper from the Boulevard patriots, while the Russians were treating the same Great Britain as a Power to be squeezed without limit, and even 'the little dogs and all,' as poor Lear says—the Chinese Chow and the Belgian poodle—summoned up courage to bark at the British Lion and survived?"

It is much to be feared that the answer of the historian will be: "Because there happened to be two strong men in Egypt to represent Great Britain, neither of whom was Lord Salisbury; and because these two strong men understood that the only way to work on the barbaric mind, and the best way to impress the civilised and semi-civilised mind, is to take a definite course, and to be palpably ready to knock over anything or anybody coming in the way." There are diplomatists who would have forecast—or forecasted, as Lord Salisbury would say—all sorts of horrors from the intrigues of the French and Russians with Menelik, and would have called a halt before the possible apparition of a French expedition on the Upper Nile. But the Sirdar has gone his way, possibly knowing nothing of Prince Henri and "Count" Leontieff and M. Marchand; and lo! Leontieff has been seriously wounded by a gun accident—these Abyssinians are so careless; and Prince Henri has not quarrelled with his friend—he never quarrels with anybody—but thinks he *may* go back to Africa alone in a few months; while if Marchand does turn up, he will have possibly a few hundred natives as against twenty thousand trained fighting-men. It will take a great many treaties to make up for such a discrepancy as that.

Now what has been done in Egypt should have been done in China. Not that we should have made a claim to administer the whole country, or even to defend its integrity. But our Ministers should have settled in their own minds what they were going to claim for their country and what to concede to others; and, having settled this, they should have informed all and sundry that certain claims would be defended and certain encroachments resisted by force of arms. The arms should then have been brought strongly into evidence, the British fleet stationed in or near disputed points, and an expedition prepared without ostentation but without concealment to land troops at any desired place. No trouble would then have arisen. Now, however, the Russians, having scored one point, go on to score another. The Chinese officials, tempted with unlimited roubles on one hand, have no fear of gunboats on the other. It can hardly be necessary for the enterprising Pavloff to bully them when he can bribe them.

It may be true that Chinese railway concessions are not worth much from the commercial point of view. Even then, our competitors seem to think so, from the things they are willing to do to get such concessions. And, worthless or not, these concessions are the symbols of trade and supremacy and influence and prestige, which mean a great deal more. It will be on record that Great Britain and Russia competed for a concession, and Russia won. The betting will be on Russia for the future, and that means, the Chinese will be the Czar's obedient servants. It is no defence for our Premier to sneer in pessimistic vein at the probable dividends from Chinese railways. A field of battle may not be a very fertile estate—indeed, it may have been spoilt for agricultural purposes for quite a time by the conflict that has raged over it. All the same, the General who has remained in possession of the field of battle considers himself to have done something creditable, even though the General who has evacuated the ground may prove to demonstration that it only produces turnips of inferior quality.

There is a passage in Napier's "Peninsular War"—that soldier's classic—that bears most appropriately on the arguments used by Salisbury and Nephew in disparagement of what we have lost and Russia has gained. Sir John Murray, abandoning the siege of Tarragona, most



A FLEMISH MILK-CART.

unnecessarily left his battering-train to be taken by the French, declaring—what was possibly true—that the guns were mere old iron, worn-out and valueless. Napier's comment is brief, but unpleasant: "Sir John Murray's argument would have been more pungent, more complete, if he had lost his colours and pleaded that they were only wooden staves bearing old pieces of silk!"

MARMITON.

NAVAL NOTES.

One by one the old "wooden walls" are being ruthlessly handed over to the ship-breakers. The Admiralty fiat has now gone forth for the *Grampian*, which is used as a boys' training-ship at Belfast—an industrial ship, of course, with no direct connection with the Navy—to be sold out of the Service for what her old timbers will fetch.



ONE OF THE OLD "WOODEN WALLS" OF ENGLAND, LAUNCHED IN 1814.

Formerly she was a 101-gun battleship, of 5742 tons, and was built at Devonport in 1860, just when iron was supplanting wood. She was originally known as the *Gibraltar*, and even now she bears an honoured name, for a *Grampian* took part in Lord Howe's famous victory over the French on "the glorious First of June," 1794, and in the attack on the French at Basque Roads in 1809. It is a consolation that there are nearly twenty more of these old wooden ships dotted round the coast and used as industrial and mercantile training-ships, and that we still have such vessels as the *Victory*, *Hannibal*, *Marlborough*, *Lion*, *Conqueror*, *Impregnable*, and other representatives of the old Navy of wood and picturesque sails. Our Navy to-day is our pride, but it is not because the ships have any claim to beauty.

Another old "wooden wall" has gone the way of old ships—to the ship-breaker. H.M.S. *Nelson* was not so old, however, as many of the ships dotted round our coast for the training of boys for the Navy or merchant service, and to cure them of the early evidences of "original sin." We had lost sight of this namesake of the great Admiral because for several years she had been in Victorian waters, and used by the colonists as a training-ship. Although she was launched at Portsmouth only thirty-eight years ago, she was interesting because she was one of the last wooden ships to be built for the British Navy, for in 1860 the first British ironclad, the *Warrior*, was built on the Thames. The *Warrior* may still be seen at Portsmouth, the parent ship of our Leviathans of to-day, and one memorial to the enduring character of naval shipbuilding in this country. It was in this year of the birth of the steel and steam Navy that the *Nelson* was built, a wooden frigate, with a single screw, a length of 216 ft., a beam of 54 ft. 6 in., and a displacement of 4096 tons. It was a veritable monster in those days, but a midget alongside H.M.S. *Majestic*, *Cygnus*, or *Powerful*, the last-named 538 ft. long, with a beam of 71 ft., and a displacement of 14,200 tons. Though this old ship has gone, we still boast

an H.M.S. *Nelson*, an old armoured cruiser, built at Govan in 1876, and now in the Fleet Reserve at Portsmouth. She is principally remarkable because her main armament consists of obsolete muzzle-loading guns. In these days of Nelson-worship, the Admiralty might do worse than give some other name to this old ship, and call one of the monsters of 15,000 tons, about to be built, after the great Admiral.

It is somewhat strange that no one apparently ever remembers in these days of naval enthusiasm that the Navy has a Commander-in-Chief as well as the Army. Mr. Gosechen is the First Lord; he represents the Admiralty on most occasions, just as Lord Lansdowne is the official spokesman of the Army; but who is the Commander-in-Chief of our Navy, the greatest in all the world, as our Army is almost the smallest? The existence of this official will be recognised this autumn, when he will attain the age of sixty-five years, and will be forced to go on the retired list. The nation has reason to be grateful to this Admiral, Sir Frederick Richards, who has been at the head of the Admiralty for the past six and a-half years. This year is also the golden-wedding year of this gallant officer, since it is just half-a-century since, as a stripling of fourteen years, he joined his lot to the Navy.

Having placed his foot on the ladder of promotion, he climbed up with remarkable rapidity. He was a Lieutenant before he was twenty-two, four and a-half years later he blossomed out as a Commander, and when only thirty-three years of age he was selected for promotion to Captain, and his subsequent service well justified the step. He took no small part in the Zulu and Boer Wars of 1879, and, as a reward, honours fell upon him in quick succession. Appointed Aide-de-Camp to the Queen in 1879, later in the same year he was made a Commander of the Bath, and two years later was knighted by the Queen, the following year attaining flag-rank as a Rear-Admiral. Thus, at forty-nine years of age, while still in the very prime of life, he had attained all, or almost all, the prizes the Navy had to offer, and, into the bargain, was installed at Whitehall as a Lord of the Admiralty. The Navy List contains no more remarkable record than this.

Immediately he had put in his three years at the Admiralty, he hoisted his flag, for the first time, as Commander-in-Chief of the East India Squadron, and, still pursued by good-fortune, was on the station just in time to put himself at the head of the Naval forces that took part in the Burmah Annexation War of 1885-6. That this work was well done the thanks of the Government of India are testimony. With his honours thick upon him, Sir Frederick Richards returned home and threw all his energies into various administrative and other work; but, on the position of Commander-in-Chief of the China Station becoming vacant in November 1890, he again hoisted his flag, this time a Vice-Admiral's flag, with a single red ball in one corner. But Sir Frederick was too good an administrator to be banished in this way, and, on Admiral Sir Anthony Hoskins retiring in May 1892, Admiral Richards once more returned home, to occupy the proudest position in the Navy—First Sea Lord of the Admiralty; and right well has he played, or rather, worked his part. For six years he has been the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy in all but name, and now that he is to lay down office for the last time, after fifty years' service for his Queen and country, those who know how much he has done for the Navy and the country are wondering if there is any further honour in store for him—a peerage, say.

The model of the attack of the gunboats on the Nile, under the command of Lord Charles Beresford, has been very cleverly put together at Madame Tussaud's. The photograph, excellent as it is, gives only a faint idea of the vividness of the whole scene, inasmuch as it fails to reproduce the colouring. But it shows clearly enough the vigour with which the figures have been modelled.



THE NEW TABLEAU AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S, SHOWING LORD CHARLES BERESFORD IN ACTION.

“WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?”

“OLD CHARLEYS” WHO STILL EXIST IN MODERN LONDON.



THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

“He that was charged to keep watch and ward, slept.”
From an Old Print.

If you wander through New Inn any night just after the clock strikes ten, you will hear a voice out of the darkness calling, “Past ten o’clock.” An hour later it will cry, “Past eleven o’clock.” And when twelve, and one, and two strike, the voice will proclaim that it is “past” the hour. Then silence falls upon New Inn, save for the faint hum of traffic in the Strand near by. But the voice that calls the hours is not silent yet. At ten o’clock it began also in Ely Place, and it will be heard there until the clock strikes five in the morning. It is the same cry, “Past ten o’clock,” and so on until with “Past five o’clock” it is heard no more. These voices, the only two of their kind in all London, link the life of the present with the life of a far-off past.

Bellman, watchman, policeman, that seems the order of evolution in this particular phase of social life. Only the voice is left as a fossil of the beginnings of things; everything else has been lost in the process of evolution. Before me lies a rude woodcut which shows what the primitive bellman was like. He wears a three-cornered hat, a flowing coat, breeches, and stockings. In his hand is a bell, and by his side stands a dog. Another picture, of a later date, still shows the bell in the right hand, but in the left is a lantern, and the dog has gone. Later still the bell gives place to a rattle, and now we are on the high-road to the evolution of X 710. All these trappings of the olden time are gone; nothing but the voice remains. It will be obvious at the most casual glance that neither the ample robes of



A WATCH-HOUSE.—ROWLANDSON.

Mr. W. Walker, of New Inn, nor the braided hat and closely buttoned coat of Mr. G. W. Fulcher, of Ely Place, can claim any kin with the garb of their long-dead predecessors.

Literature has no more curious by-path than that which leads to the forgotten verses which were once ready to the watchman’s tongue. As evolution has shorn the watchman’s person of the three-cornered hat, and breeches, and stockings, and bell, and dog, and lantern of the past, so it has worn down his hourly proclamation to the bald assertion that it is “Past ten o’clock.” Among the poetic treasures of bygone centuries are hoarded up many sets of quaint verses which were recited to the midnight air long years ago. Here is one such, called “The Bellman’s Cry”—

Men and children, maids and wives,
‘Tis not too late to mend your lives;
Midnight feastings are great wasters,
Servant’s riots undoe masters.
When you heare this ringing bell,
Thinke it is your latest knell;
Foure a clock, the cock is crowing,
I must to my home be going;
When all other men doe rise,
Then must I shut up mine eyes.

Some of these verses were set to music, and perhaps at one of his concerts next season Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch will let us hear how the following lines sound to the accompaniment of the harpsichord. The music may be found in a volume published in London in 1611.

Maides to bed, and cover coale,
Let the mouse out of her hole;
Crickets in the chimney sing,
Whilst the little bell doth ring;
If fast asleepe, who can tell
When the clapper hits the bell?

It is noteworthy that most of the watchman’s verses have a moral, often a decidedly religious, tone. There is Herrick, for example, whose bellman manages to work off quite a neat little midnight sermon—

Along the dark and silent night,
With my lantern and my light,
And the tinkling of my bell,
Thus I walk, and this I tell:
Death and dreadfulness call on
To the general session;
To whose dismal bar, we there
All accounts must come to clear:
Scores of sins we’ve made here many;
Wiped out few, God knows, if any.
Rise, ye debtors, then, and fall
To make payment, while I call.
Ponder this, when I am gone:
By the clock ‘tis almost One.

But Herrick's bellman is little more than a pagan moralist by the side of the watchman of Herrnhuth in Germany. That worthy, between eight in the evening and six in the morning, covers scriptural history from the Flood to the Gospels.

Past eight o'clock! O Herrnhuth, do thou ponder:
Eight souls in Noah's ark were living yonder.
'Tis nine o'clock: ye brethren, hear it striking;
Keep hearts and houses clean, to our Saviour's liking.
Now, brethren, hear, the clock is ten and passing:
None rest but such as wait for Christ embracing.

Five is the clock! five virgins were discarded,
When five with wedding garments were rewarded!
The clock is six, and I go off my station;
Now, brethren, *watch yourselves for your salvation.*

Ely Place, apart from its nightly crying of the hours, is deeply interesting to the student of Old London. It derives its name from the fact that here stood the town-house of the Bishops of Ely, and the Church of St. Ethelreda, which still exists, was built by one of the Bishops as a chapel to the palace. In 1772 the see of Ely transferred all its rights to Ely Place to the Crown, receiving instead a spacious mansion in Dover Street, Piccadilly, and a perpetual annuity of £200. The buildings which now line the street—one block consisting of the offices of Sir George Lewis—were erected chiefly during the year following the transfer to the Crown. Many notable Englishmen are connected with the history of Ely Place. Here John of Gaunt spent the closing years of his life, and died in 1399; here Sir Edward Coke courted and won (to his after regret) the widow of Sir Christopher Hatton; and here was acted the last mystery play produced in England.

The only part of the ancient Place still standing is the famous Chapel of St. Ethelreda, dating from the fourteenth century. It has had a tortuous history. When the Anglicans left it, it became a storehouse. Then it regained some of its original position by being converted into a National School. The Welsh Episcopalian followed, and, last of all, it came back to its original use, for the Lazarist Fathers of the Order of Charity bought it in 1874 for £5250 and restored it at great cost. It was a proud day for the Catholics when Cardinal Manning opened it on St. Ethelreda's Day, 1879. The windows contain the original tracery, and the great east window has been restored and filled with painted glass by the Duke of Norfolk. A vaulted undercroft beneath the chapel has been restored so as to serve as a second chapel. Curran had a house in Ely Place, against which his brother got permission to build a little wooden box. Having assumed the dress of a Jobson, he wrote over his stall, "Curran, cobbler; shoes soled and heeled. When the stall is shut enquire over the way." Altogether, Ely Place is well worth visiting.



THE CHARLEY'S BOX IN ELY PLACE, HOLBORN.
Photo by H. C. Shelley.



MR. W. WALKER, OF NEW INN.
Photo by H. C. Shelley.

ROWING.

The editors of the "Badminton Library" are determined to have their volumes recognised as being not only the standard authorities on the subjects of which they treat, but also thoroughly up to date. Although it cannot be said that there has been much change in rowing during the past ten years, the old volume on "Boating," has been superseded by an entirely new work on "Rowing and Punting," which has just been issued. Rowing will probably last as long as England itself. Its charm has in recent years invaded Germany, and the Americans have varied their own style by getting the benefit of Mr. Lehmann's experiences. Every feature of the art is dealt with in the most comprehensive manner, and it would be difficult for any written instructions to rival the chapters which treat of rowing, sculling, and steering. It is remarkable that oarsmanship, at any rate on the Thames, does not date from an earlier period than the beginning of this century. Indeed, it was not till 1839, when the Henley Regatta and the annual University race were instituted, that rowing as at present understood really took a definite form. It somewhat surprises us at this time of day to read of the four-oared race in 1824 between Jesus and Brasenose Colleges (one of a series), in which the Brasenose College crew consisted of two College of Worcester College. One of the

men, a waterman, and a member Brasenose men, moreover, had lost an arm, and had walked thirty miles to Oxford on the day of the race. An excellent chapter gives the history of Henley Regatta, showing the curious changes which have taken place since its inauguration, evidenced by the fact that of old three boats could row abreast over the unstaked course. Rowing at the Universities, Metropolitan Rowing, and many other topics are also fully dealt with. About a quarter of the volume is devoted to Punting, a sport which has come very much into favour of late years, so much so, indeed, that the Thames Punting Club, revived in 1890, has a membership of over a hundred. The illustrations in this part of the book leave nothing to be desired, those of Haines, the professional champion, intended to show both good and bad styles of punting, being excellent. The aid of photography is very marked in all modern books on sport, in point of instructiveness. In point of taste, of course, the ordinary sporting print is one of those things that a layman fails to understand, for it is neither art nor actuality. A most comprehensive appendix gives a variety of interesting tables and statistics, and supplements a volume which does great credit to its editors, Messrs. Rowe and Pitman. "The Suffolk Sporting Series" has also included a little book on Rowing and Punting. The ground covered is similar to that comprised in the Badminton book on a smaller scale, and its cheapness and convenient form will no doubt ensure it a ready sale. It is published by Lawrence and Bullen, the reading matter being by D. H. Maclean and W. H. Grenfell.



MR. G. W. FULCHER, OF ELY PLACE.
Photo by H. C. Shelley.

A PALMIST.

The gentleman who practises under the name of "Saturn," at No. 75, New Bond Street, has recently added to his reputation by being called upon to support a lawsuit, brought by a private detective to recover his working expenses while investigating a case which arose from "Saturn's" delineation of a lady's hand. The circumstances were rather peculiar,



"SATURN."

Photo by Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

are there for anyone to see, but it is practice alone which enables the brain to balance the counteracting indications with accuracy."

Referring to the case which had attracted my attention, I obtained a lucid, but technical, explanation from the palmist of the train of thought which resulted in his curious statement. I refrain from recounting the details, lest, in my ignorance, I might make some crude mistake which would render the whole thing ridiculous.

"I have always been interested in palmistry," said Saturn, in reply to my question. "I cannot exactly say when the fondness first developed, but I was only about thirteen when I began to study. All the allied sciences have a fascination for me."

And then he confided a secret to me, which I am bound not to reveal, but which I can quite believe.

"Do you know," he continued, "that the hand indicates not only character, but good looks and symmetry of form? If half-a-dozen women, whom I had never seen, stood behind a curtain and just put their hands through, I could at once tell whether the owners of the hands were pretty or not, and whether they had good figures. Yes," he laughed, "a lady whose form is not all her own betrays herself by allowing a palmist to glance at her hand."

Saturn denies that the face is any assistance to him.

"Expression," he said, "is simply an indication of momentary feeling. Even when the features are at rest, there is not very much to be gathered from the face as regards character. Take, for example, a Society woman's face; the changes are chiefly the result of habit. But the hand is quite a different thing; nothing alters either the shape of the hand or the marks on it. And of the hand the thumb is the most characteristic part. Will and reasoning power are shown by it. No animal except man has a thumb."

"You come across some curious people in your work, I dare say?" I said.

"Yes, indeed," he replied; "and I have had some very strange experiences. A singular thing happened in connection with one of my clients. The gentleman is one of the partners of a famous firm of electrical engineers. He came to consult me. I told him that he was about to go abroad, and that, while away, he would be strongly tempted to invest in what appeared to be a capital concern. I warned him against it, and had the pleasure of learning later that it was quite true. He had been almost induced to place his money as I had said, but he took my advice and was saved a large sum, for the company came to grief."

"Another curious coincidence happened at the Ice Carnival at New Niagara, last January. My appointment-card was full, and, strangely, almost every hand I saw had an adventure with fire definitely marked. I had repeated this statement for about the tenth time, when the draperies caught alight and a serious flare-up ensued, depriving me of the pleasure of fulfilling many of my engagements."

"Saturn" talks in a most interesting way. He has had many and varied experiences. More than once his life has been attempted by irate clients; but, with the exception of these isolated instances, his reminiscences are of a pleasant nature, though not free from pathos.

I left "Saturn" decidedly shaken in my scepticism by some of the statements he made with regard to my own hand, which he was good enough to read as an example. With wonderful precision he gathered information about events which could not possibly have been acquired by guesswork.

A PHRENOLOGIST.

The value of phrenology in determining intellectual qualities has always been a subject of much controversy, and, on the whole, has received but little credence. When the state of England a hundred years ago, from a scientific point of view, is taken into consideration, it is not surprising that a theory approaching so dangerously near to the "Black Arts" should be eyed askance. Charlatany entered so largely into the practice of the earliest exponents of the science that the public mind became prejudiced against everything connected with phrenology.

Professor Cross, whose life has been devoted to the study of phrenology, ranks high among the pioneers of its development. He has spent thirty years in acquiring the knowledge of human nature and human capability which can be obtained through the skull.

I called upon Professor Cross at his consulting-rooms at 73, Victoria Street (writes a *Sketch* representative), and asked him to tell me the system he followed. He is a most affable man, and gave me all the details I required, which were not a few, with a courteous good-nature that makes it a pleasure to visit the mystics in their cells.

"First of all," he said, "the word 'bump' is to be strictly avoided—it is an absolutely inaccurate definition. It is the sense of touch that supplies the information as to brain-power. The skull is an infallible index to the quality of the intellect; but, in order to perceive the differences, the sense of touch must be developed to the highest degree."

"What is the distinguishing mark?" I inquired.

"Where the brain is of a high order," he replied, "the skull has a smooth feeling to the touch, like ivory; but when the intellect is inferior, the skull feels like wood. I need not quote the proverb which supports this statement."

"Will you tell me what you consider the correct location of faculties?" I asked.

"Certainly," said the Professor. "The intellectual portion of the brain lies to the front; towards the sides and back are situated the animal propensities; and the formation of the crown indicates morality: here you must understand the word in its wider sense. Great ability comes from the proportion of certain faculties, one to the other, so that, you see, even a noble quality standing in isolation loses its significance. There must be the supporting and even restraining influences in harmony in order to secure mental excellence. The absence of one factor may alter the entire structure of a mind."

"Phrenology claims to be able to discern physical as well as mental conditions, does it not?" I asked.

"Yes; the ear, or rather, the setting of the ear, denotes expectation of life; the occipital bone shows muscular power; and, although you may challenge its connection with phrenology, the hands are what I consult in order to ascertain the organic state of a client," he explained.

Professor Cross firmly believes in heredity; and he is able to make some remarkable calculations from this basis.

"Facial expression is of no assistance to me," he said. "In fact, it is not necessary to see the subject at all. By the way, I was tested rather severely in this way, in my early years. A line of gentlemen were placed on the stage; and I was led in, blindfolded, to examine them. The result was highly satisfactory, and bore out my theory. I was for several years at the Royal Aquarium," he went on, "and during that time many extraordinary people passed through my hands. I have also toured through the provinces a good deal."

"While at the Aquarium, I had an entertaining experience. A coster sort of fellow came on to the platform to have his chart drawn out. Among other things, I told him that he had a great liking for the other sex, and warned him of its power. When he left, the poor fellow was led away by his irate spouse, who was determined that he should not indulge in any frivolity of that kind if she could prevent it."

"Phrenology has often been of medical use. Here is a story which illustrates what I mean. A man consulted me, and I told him that he had a tendency to paralysis, and that it was in his family. He got very excited, accusing me of collusion with his relatives. I was enabled to disprove the charge, and my advice, which he accepted, saved him. This I learnt from his relations, who came to thank me four years later."

"The phrenologist's life is not quite barren of moments of pride. Here is a little nugget sent to me by a large mine-owner in South Africa, to whom I rendered some assistance. I always wear it."

I feel sure that Professor Cross is convinced of the truth of what he says, and I should be sorry to say that I do not believe in phrenology, because I do not understand it. Judging by the conclusion he arrived at concerning myself, I am tempted to be credulous.



MR. CROSS.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

“THE DANDY FIFTH” ARE STATIONED AT THE DUKE OF YORK’S THEATRE.

Photographs by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

The “Dandy Fifth” Lancers marched up St. Martin’s Lane from the country last Monday week, and took up their quarters in the Duke of York’s Theatre. After all the foreign importations and imitations, it is refreshing to have a real home-grown piece from the eminently native pen of Mr. G. R. Sims, localised at the typical watering-place, Southsea, and depicting the familiar ways of the true



The heiress, Miss Lorrimer, masquerading as a singing girl, meets the gentleman ranker, Dick Darville, on the Common.

British soldier. It is admitted that Mr. Sims, in his excess of candour, informs us on the programme that the story of the opera was suggested by “*Un Fils de Famille*,” but the foreign origin has been successfully lost sight of, and the piece as it stands is as national as “*Rule Britannia*.” Mr. Richard Featherstone, having gone the pace, and been cashiered by his father, has ‘listed’ in the 5th Lancers under the name of Dick Darville. He has the good-fortune to save Miss Kate Lorrimer, an heiress, to whom his Colonel is half-engaged, from the free advances of his comrades. Miss Lorrimer is trying on a new fancy-dress, that of a singing-girl, in the vicinity of Southsea Pier, and Dick is so overcome by her attractions that he lingers with her and “cuts” parade, and, as a consequence, is led off by a picket at the end of the first act. He, however, contrives, with the connivance of Sergeant-Major Milligan, to attend a fancy-dress ball at Lorrimer Hall, where he again meets Miss Kate, who comes in a gown of Charles the Second’s age—

For a terrible flirt, I’ve heard them say,
O, my ancestress was reckoned,
And she turned the heads of the gallants gay
In the days of Charles the Second.

“Dick” comes as Claude Duval—

A highwayman bold of the days of old,
And a Knight of the Road am I,
And over the Heath, in the wild wind’s teeth,
On my bonny black mare I fly.
There’s a coach comes crash, and my pistols flash,
And I say to the driver “Stand!”
Though my lord may curse as I take his purse,
Yet I take but my lady’s hand.

And the Colonel treats him as Claude, for the two fight a duel (which, by the way, might have been done effectively on the stage instead of behind). Owing to the Colonel’s clumsiness, Dick is slightly wounded. Next morning the Colonel recognises his man, and it would have gone hard with Dick but for an opportune discharge which antedates the young spark’s breach of discipline, and the Colonel retires as gracefully

as may be under the circumstances. At agreeable intervals in the opera we are introduced to the philanderings of Miss Polly Green and Trooper Brown, and of Madame Von Blitzen, the Colonel’s sister, with Sergeant-Major Milligan.

The part of Trooper Darville gives Mr. Scott Russell an excellent opportunity of showing his powers as a singer. There are probably few on the stage who combine, as Mr. Russell does, the attractions of a fine voice with an engaging manner and a cheery capacity for honest hard work. He was especially good in the *Toast of the Dandy Fifth*, and in the duet, “*Pitapat my heart is going*.” Miss Ruth Davenport sings the part of Kate Lorrimer very prettily, though she lacks magnetism. Miss Minnie Jeffs, as Polly the barmaid, understands the stage better. Mr. Harry Cole had a great deal to do as Sergeant-Major Milligan, and he scored well with his song of *Tommy’s Tournament*, with its chorus—

So come you foreign soldiers, and we don’t care who you are—
The Uhlans of the Kaiser, or the Cossacks of the Czar.
Our Army may be little, but you’ve learnt before to-day,
A little British Army goes a (drum) long way!

The Cockney trooper Brown is a reminiscence of other players, notably Mr. Frank Wheeler, whom he strongly resembles physically, and Mr. Chevalier. His best song apostrophises Polly—

I’m a-sighing for you sadly,
But you’re treatin’ of me badly,
And the flavour’s left my baccy and the ‘ead is hoff my hale.
Now I never wants my vittles,
And I ain’t no ‘cart for skittles,
And the ‘Igh Street of a Sunday it is but a ‘oller vale.
O! Polly!
But there ain’t a Baron Rothschild
In the whole o’ London Town
As I’d heavy for a-minit
If you wore your weddin’-gown,
And you put your harms around me
In our parlour after tea,
With the sprig o’ horringe-blossom
In your hauburn ‘air for me!
All a-blowl’ning,
And a-growin’,
sprig o’ horringe-blossom in your maidin’ ‘air for me!

The music, by Clarence Corri, is lively if not out of the common, and the play, which has been well taken in the provinces, was enthusiastically received on the opening night; the applause was so indiscriminate as to provoke some reprisals on the part of the habitual playgoer, but beyond doubt many derived genuine amusement from the piece.



The heiress, masquerading as a lady of the Court of Charles II., meets that same gentleman ranker, who has come to her father’s ball as Claude Duval.

"WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

Cissy.

Minerva.

Jones.

The farce is all about Mr. Jones, a commercial traveller, who, to escape from the police, masquerades as a Professor of Divinity, and is received with effusion by the family of the Professor's brother. Jones has hidden his own clothes in the piano, and he is anxious that his host's ward Cissy and daughter Minerva should not investigate why Sousa's Last March sounds as if it would be everybody else's last.

Miss Emma Gwynne.

Mr. Charles Arnold.

Mr. Herbert Sleath.



Miss Tyrrell. Miss Dot Frederic. Miss Allestree.

Mr. James Welch.

The sham Divine is received with open arms, to the consternation of Professor Goodby, who knows that he is really "only Jones," but dare not expose him, as he has been to a prize-fight "in the interests of science."

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

The title "Snowdrops" having, it appears, been already used, the new play by Alicia Ramsay and Rudolph de Cordova, which was produced at the Grand Theatre, Islington, on Monday, has had to be re-named. The title chosen is "As a Man Sows."

I know of no young actor who has made such strides in his profession as Mr. James Welch, who is going to "star" the country under



Mr. Charles Arnold.

Miss Dot Frederic.

Cissy about to try the strength of the Doctor's "tea," which is really "that whisky from which Scotland takes its name."

"WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

Mr. William Greet's management in "The Dove-Cot" and "The Man in the Street." This latter little play was written by Mr. L. N. Parker for Mr. Welch, who has played it now over two hundred and fifty times at five different London theatres—the Avenue, Strand, Terry's, Grand, and St. James's. Mr. Welch will make a greater name yet, for he has intelligence of an unusual kind and he is always learning.

Miss Kate Phillips seems to be equipping herself thoroughly for touring purposes. Some weeks ago, I referred to her projected campaign with "Jane," and it now appears that she has acquired provincial rights over Captain R. Marshall's "His Excellency the Governor," lately played at the Court Theatre. I customarily bracket Miss Kate Phillips as a vivacious comédienne with the Marie Wilton of old, in the same way as I habitually couple the names of Mrs. John Wood and Miss Fanny Brough in a broader genre of comedy.

There are some very interesting points in the cast of "The Little Minister" as sent on tour by Messrs. Frederick Harrison and Cyril Maude. The Lady Babbie is that charming young actress Miss Grace Lane; the Rev. Gavin Dishart is played by Miss Maude Millett's brother, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, well remembered as Bullock Major in "The New Boy," and the lad Micah is acted by Miss Dora Tulloch, who is, if I mistake not, the gifted young reciter, the most clever perhaps of a large family of girl performers who have pleased so many audiences with their versatile and refined work.

Remembering the vicissitudes which many of our playhouses have undergone, I am not surprised to read of the conversion into a chapel by Count Francis Esterhazy of the private theatre erected formerly by the late Count Nicholas Esterhazy. The Hungarians of the neighbourhood, it seems, objected to the engagement there of companies of German-speaking actors, and hence the transformation was more agreeable to them than the similar metamorphosis of the poor old Prince of Wales's Theatre was to me. Of course, the process was reversed in Mr. Hall Caine's "The Christian."

The new regulations for the better ordering of theatres and other places of public entertainment in France contain one or two clauses that are not unlikely to give rise to considerable trouble in their application. Article 88, for instance, says: "It is forbidden to cause disturbance during the performance, or to prevent the audience from seeing or hearing, in any way whatever, the spectacle announced to be given. To

this end, the manager of the theatre may specify that in certain parts of the house ladies will not be permitted to wear hats." The clause has been inserted expressly to put a stop to the "big-hat nuisance." How it will work will depend, I fancy, more on the goodwill of the ladies themselves than on any "specifications" the unfortunate manager may make.

Prince George of Prussia, uncle of the present Emperor of Germany, is a dramatist of no mean order of merit. His latest drama, published under the pseudonym of "G. Conrad," is entitled "Mademoiselle Esther," and is written in *fin-de-siècle* French. The heroine is an illustrious tragédienne, leaving a hundred broken hearts behind her wherever she goes. She repels the addresses of a Hungarian Prince, Hermann Valbergue, who adores her, for an Indian Rajah, Djalma, who puts fabulous riches at her feet. She regrets Hermann, however, and he eventually joins her. The two lovers are dallying with one another in the palace, when an obscure musician, who is consumed by an intense passion for Esther, sets fire to the building, all three perishing in the flames. Such is the main outline of the play, in which there are several subsidiary characters. Prince George is an enthusiastic admirer of the French theatre, and in early life was an assiduous attendant at the Comédie Française. Rachel he still regards as one of the greatest geniuses of the century.

The taste for open-air theatrical performances is by no means confined to England. The town of Béziers, in the South of France, has just constructed a huge new arena, after the model of those of ancient times, and, to add to the attractions, it has been decided to instal in it an open-air theatre. The theatre is to be inaugurated next Sunday by a performance of a play, the composition of which has been inspired by the old Greek tragedies, on the subject of Dejanira, wife of Hercules. The words are by M. Gallett, the music by Saint-Saëns.

A curious trial is shortly coming off in Buenos Ayres between a singer and an impresario. In 1890, Tamagno, the famous Italian tenor, was engaged by Ciachi, the Buenos Ayres impresario, for a tour consisting of forty appearances. For this, Tamagno was to receive the pretty little sum of £26,000, of which £6000 was paid down. Tamagno began his tour successfully, but, by his fourth performance, one of the usual revolutions broke out at Buenos Ayres. The prudent tenor, not wishing to risk his skin, made all haste to embark on the first steamer bound for Europe. Hence the trial, for the impresario demands the

*Jones in the third act—Still well in it.*

"WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

return of the £6000 advanced, while Tamagno claims the whole of the honorarium stipulated, forgetting that, if he goes to South America, he must expect to come across an occasional revolution. One curious detail has come to light during the preliminaries of the case. It seems that wherever Tamagno goes he is accompanied by a clique of eight Italians, who occupy four seats in the orchestra stalls and four in the balcony.

THOSE WHO PLAY GOLF, AND THOSE WHO DON'T.

The British Empire is divided into two classes—those who are golf mad, and those who think it mad to play golf. The latter are disappearing by a steady process of absorption.

Nobody who once catches the infection ever seems to survive. I do not know whether the golf bacillus has yet been discovered, but



THE FIRST TEE ON BERKHAMSTEAD LINKS.
Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

of a certainty a very slight inoculation is sufficient to permeate the system—"for ever and for ever."

In sunshine and storm, in fog and sleet, in frost and thaw, year in year out, the golfer plods from hole to hole with unabated ardour; and you will even see him, after a snowstorm, carving his way round the course with a niblick.

It is not every man who can spare a hundred acres out of his patrimonial estate for a golf course, but most well-regulated golf-maniacs have a hole or two in the corner of the lawn, where the servants can always find them at odd moments. "Approaching" and "putting," they call it, though probably by any other name it would smell as sweet. Now, in whatever aspect golf is viewed, it certainly means the passing through British lungs of a good many million gallons of pure air annually. Those who shine as athletes tell us, too, that no sport is so completely absorbing or so surely bids care and worry begone.

Here is a typical country course—not quite typical, perhaps, because it has rather exceptional advantages. But think of a person panting under a frenzied attack of gths—gths in Capel Court, finding himself, only five-and-twenty miles away, drinking in the bracing air of a five-hundred-feet altitude and more, surrounded awhile by wood and dell in a broad expanse of common, ablaze with gorse and heather, a setting of light-green bracken, and an eternal background of queenly beeches. Imagine, too, a course in which ev'ry hole and every teeing-ground is guarded by Nature's bunkers, with never a trace of pick or shovel.

Here, for instance, is the first tee, with its hundred yards or so of gorse and pond and broken country, across which you make your initial effort to reach the spacious green yonder. For a short hole it is an inspiration. And there are, of course, other tees, all illustrative of the difficulties

that everywhere have to be negotiated, and telling never so plainly that "no foozlers need apply."

Then there is the long hole, with its five hundred yards of ideal turf, and plenty of room, too, for the man who can trust his brass, but eternal confusion to the slicer. The seventh green is, I think, pretty certain to command the approval of all golfers; and as for the rest, they speak for themselves to the golfing mind, while to those yet in outer darkness are still left the pleasant surroundings of this absorbing pastime.

The ground-man, Jeffrey, who appears in these two pictures, is doing his utmost with his excellent mile and a-half of country, and when it becomes better known and the members flock in, the additional sinews of war will give him more complete control over the bents and bracken that ask no permission in making their annual appearance. This sketch would not be complete without one word for Bob, who, in the intervals of infatuation from partridge and grouse, bends his massive intellect in the direction of lost golf-balls.—C. J. GILBERT.

MAIMOUUD THE SECOND.

How many people of those who noticed a recent brief newspaper announcement to the effect that a Count Buc de Rivery had just died in extreme poverty in the French West India Islands recalled the fact that this was the name of the mother of the Sultan Mahmoud II., during whose reign it was that Turkey lost Greece and the mouths of the Danube? Still fewer, however, remembered that, through his mother, the whilom Commander of the Faithful became a connection of Napoleon's family, on the side of the Empress Josephine. Mdlle. Aimée du Buc

de Rivery, a cousin of Josephine de Tascher de la Pagerie, was sent from Martinique at the age of ten to be educated in France, at Nantes. At eighteen, her education being completed, she re-embarked for her native island. The vessel was barely out of sight of land before it encountered very stormy weather and was wrecked. Some of the passengers, among them the beautiful Creole, were saved from drowning by Algerian pirates and carried to Algiers, where they were sold in the market-place. Mdlle. de Rivery was purchased by the Dey, who sent her to Constantinople as a fit offering for the Sultan. She rapidly subjugated her Imperial master, and, having given birth to a son, afterwards Mahmoud II., the Creole became Sultana-Mother. It is not without reason that one sovereign always addresses another as his cousin!



THE NINTH TEE, SHOWING FIRST AND SECOND HAZARDS.
Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Aug. 24, 8.2; Thursday, 8; Friday, 7.58; Saturday, 7.57; Sunday, 7.55; Monday, 7.53; Tuesday, 7.51.

Cyclists on tour are complaining that the hot weather causes their feet to swell considerably. More especially does this appear to be the case with riders who use rat-trap pedals, and they maintain that the metal teeth make small pustules or blisters rise out of the soles of their



A PICNIC PARTY.

feet where the latter press upon the pedals. I have myself suffered in years gone by in hot weather from this very affliction, and a trying one it is. The best and safest cure is to soak the feet overnight in a lukewarm solution of alum and water, and to keep them in cold salt-water for fully sixty seconds before going out in the morning. The shoes should have French chalk plentifully sprinkled into them before they are put on. Blistering of the feet, I may add, can always be prevented by the use of French chalk, but the chalk must not be stinted in quantity, and only the very purest should be applied.

"Does hot weather injure bicycle-tyres?" Several correspondents ask this question, and want, moreover, to know, "if so, what ought to be done with them"—the tyres, not the correspondents, who, obviously, ought to ride only in cold weather. With the Irishman, I may say in reply that hot weather does not do tyres any good; but, on the other hand, it does not injure them vitally if the machines be left in a cool atmosphere during the night—the atmosphere of a cellar, or a larder, for instance—and kept as much as possible out of the sun by day. Yet tyres suffer far more by being left motionless in a broiling sun for an hour than if the machine were ridden in an equally scorching sun for, say, two hours, or even more.

"If the puppy will not eat the food, it should be boiled," Beautiful Bertie was wont to remark at the Gaiety a short time ago. A somewhat similar grammatical, or rather, ungrammatical, freak appeared among the "Answers to Cyclists" in a daily contemporary last week. "No tyros," ran the sentence, "should be allowed to grow permanently flabby; on the contrary, as soon as they become in the least limp or 'fatigued,' they ought to be inflated to their fullest extent, so as to do their complete complement of work. Only a few tyros can really bear to have their sides pricked with a stout pin without flinching, though plenty are supposed to withstand this test of stamina." So I should imagine. The few ill-starred beginners who will not flinch when their sides are pricked with a stout pin must indeed have the stamina of a Sandow, and one can well believe that limp and fatigued novices would stand a poor chance of growing even temporarily flabby if forced, with the aid of a stout pin, to do their "complete complement of work." Obviously, this cycling monitor's "tyros" stood in the original "tyres." Compositors, as a class of malefactors, are well past praying for.

Our friends of the road, lately only of London and its suburbs, are beginning to realise that dust, as well as fine sand, will make bicycles slip quite as readily as the greasiest of asphalt pavement will do. Sand especially is one of the most dangerous substances to ride over, and the danger is increased when the tyres are provided with a certain sort of hard, unpuncturable rim. At present country roads throughout the length and breadth of the land are, almost without exception, coated with inches of slippery dust, and many of them are covered with sand as well. Therefore, let me earnestly beg of all touring cyclists to exercise discretion, discrimination, and determination.

I gather from a cycling contemporary that the legislation of the Italian Government, so far as it touches cyclists, is of a somewhat grandmotherly character. It forbids any rider to remove his hands from the handle-bar or his feet from the pedals! This may be a wise regulation when the rider is threading the mazes of a crowded thoroughfare, but it is surely unnecessary on country roads. What a relief to the arms it is now and then to ride "hands off," while a coast down a gentle and safe incline is most refreshing when tired with long pedalling; indeed, without coasting much of the delight of cycling is lost. Of course, there are reckless riders who, at risk of their own and other people's

lives, insist on rushing madly down a steep and tortuous hill, and not infrequently come to grief at the bottom of it. Still, it is hardly fair to curtail the pleasure of the sensible in order to restrain the senseless. It would be quite as reasonable to prohibit the sale of wine or spirits throughout the country because a few irresponsible persons cannot deny themselves the pleasure of getting drunk!

From the same authority, I learn that the latest cycling fad in America is the patriotic bicycle-decorator—a disc of red, white, and blue to be inserted between the spokes of the wheel and hung from the hub. With all due respect to our cousins across the water, I think we show better taste in England in abjuring these childish decorations, except in the case of a costume cycle-parade. These functions, however, are manifestly on the wane. The novelty has worn off, or perhaps it may be that the cycle has become so universal that we are no longer attracted by a large gathering of wheelers, whether in costume or not. I would suggest, by way of novelty, an equestrian Gymkhana, in which the horses might be dressed in floral wreaths and their riders assume the motley. One might meet with some difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of riders to make a show, for, while the cycle is within the reach of almost everyone, the "gee" is the luxury of the few. Unless the fox-hunters of the shires take up the idea as a summer pastime, the equestrian Gymkhana is hardly likely to be realised.

How exceedingly unbecoming is the costume of the German ladies when they mount the wheel! When in Munich a few weeks ago, I was much struck, while wandering in the English Gardens, to see the squat, thick-set figures arrayed in the fullest and shortest of bloomers, displaying an unnecessary amount of leg, with low shoes. Anything more unbecoming and unfeminine I have never seen. Of course, in Paris bloomers are mostly worn, but how much more graceful they look, being much longer; appearing, in fact, more like a divided skirt. The neat gaiters, which cover the stockings and always meet the bloomers, finish them off so smartly. In Berne, I noticed among the riders the well-known figure of the Countess Mornelas, wife of the Bavarian Minister; she does not patronise bloomers, but is always seen dressed gracefully in white, both in winter and summer.

One of the strangest sights to be seen in a naval port to-day is a bluejacket cycling, and that many do cycle—their baggy trousers notwithstanding—the existence of cycling clubs at most naval ports and the cycling tracks which they have just made at Platua on the Greecian coast and at Wei-Hai-Wei are testimony. Officers and men alike stride the wheel in these days. Only the other day I watched Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle, the Naval Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, threading his way among trams, buses, and other vehicles as though he had been a cyclist all his life, whereas he is quite a new recruit, though he is in his sixty-third year. The sight of Admiral Fremantle skimming along the street like an ordinary civilian reminded me of an Admiral of a former day who commanded at Portsmouth, and was so impressed with his own importance that he was in the habit of taking off his uniform coat when at his devotions in order to bring his mind to a proper level of humility. Admirals of to-day are not so consumed with their own importance, but they are sticklers for a proper recognition of their position. There has been a good deal of talk regarding Admiral Sir Henry Stephenson's order stopping the leave of some men of the Channel Squadron who did not salute him, and a few nights ago there was some commotion at Devonport and subsequent leave-stopping because some ships in harbour did not render the usual compliments as the Commander-in-Chief's yacht crept to her moorings.

LAWN TENNIS.

Tommy as a tennis-player displayed his prowess at the tournament at Aldershot the other day, when, in the Gentlemen's Doubles, Mr. W. K. Tarver, A.S.C., and Captain Longden, A.S.C., carried off the honours. The meeting was very gay.



LAWN TENNIS AT ALDERSHOT.

Photo by Myrall, Aldershot.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

In the cricket world there is another "W. G." and a mighty batsman too, even W. G. Quaife, Warwickshire's best batsman, who heads the batting averages in first-class cricket. This summer Quaife has made

463 runs without once losing his wicket. On July 25, 26, and 27, against Derbyshire, in the second innings he made 60 not out; on the 28th, 29th, and 30th he played against Hampshire, making 117 not out; on the three succeeding days he made 181 against Yorkshire, still not out; while on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of the present month he made 105 against Essex and still kept up his wicket, his grand total being 463. Cricket pundits, after exploring the learned pages of "Wisden," declare that they can find no exact parallel. The nearest approach to it is Mr. MacLaren's 424 against Somersetshire three years ago. Quaife was born in Sussex, is twenty-six, and learned his cricket in Warwickshire. When his elder brother Walter went to be professional at Birmingham, he was

followed by young "W. G." who did not wish to stay behind in Sussex. Now the younger brother has cut out the elder. His name should have been Jacob, only that would have spoiled a happier coincidence. Verily "W. G." is an initial of good omen on the popping-crease. Below I give a picture of the captain of Warwickshire, Mr. Glover, and the veteran captain.

RACING NOTES.

The Silly Season is perhaps to be blamed for many of the manufactured sensations which are being published in the papers just now. I am, however, very glad to notice that more than the usual publicity is being given to racecourse ruffianism. During the last twenty years I have received hundreds of complaints from people who have been either welshed or robbed on our racecourses, but in nearly every case the correspondent would not allow his name to be published; and on one occasion, when a correspondent wrote to say that he had witnessed a dastardly assault on a ring-keeper, he declined to allow me to give his name to the police. The police and ring-keepers complain that they cannot get convictions unless the punters aggrieved will come forward and give evidence. At the same time, I think many of the known bad characters could be kept off the racecourses altogether.

For many years I have agitated in these columns for the appointment of constables by the Jockey Club, and the time is now ripe to go seriously into the matter. Some years back, as I stated at the time, an ex-Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police submitted a scheme to Mr. J. Lowther for starting a body of Jockey Club Police; but the mills of the gods grind slowly, and the matter was perhaps far too intricate for the Turf Senators of that day to tackle. But recent events may make the Jockey Club move in the matter. If an able officer were appointed, I am certain he could soon enlist a body of ex-policemen sufficiently strong to cope with any amount of racecourse ruffianism. But no member of the staff ought to be allowed to bet.

Very little interest is being taken over the St. Leger this year. Perhaps many consider the race all over bar shouting for Jeddah, and on his Epsom form he has an undeniably chance. I am told, however, that Batt has improved immensely of late, and that John Porter thinks he will win at Doncaster. Cap Martin is, too, being specially prepared for the race. Perhaps I have mentioned the first three in the race, as it is said Dieudonné may not go to the post. If I were his owner he would run, to try and enhance his value for stud purposes; but I presume the

Duke of Devonshire thinks that Dieudonné has no chance of beating Jeddah, who is said to be a thorough stayer.

The eye-glass brigade is not very numerous on the racecourse. Lord Rendlesham wears a single glass, so do Major Egerton, Hon. C. M. Howard, and Mr. A. E. T. Watson, who writes so ably on racing and racehorses. Mr. R. K. Mainwaring has lost the sight of an eye, and he views the races through a sort of telescope field-glass. Many of the bookmakers wear green spectacles to battle with the sun's rays; but I cannot discover that continually looking at races through field-glasses affects the eyesight at all, although one or two old racecourse habitués tell me that force of habit makes them use their field-glasses to look at objects that could be easily discerned by the naked eye.

According to rumour, many of the trainers at Newmarket are complaining of hard times. It seems the Metropolis of the Turf has not the attraction for owners that it had, and we may presently hear of more horses being removed from Newmarket to other quarters to be trained. The Heath tax, to begin with, is a bit of a farce to any little owner. Again, the exercise grounds are not utilised to the best advantage, and many owners think that horses trained at Newmarket are too much under the eyes of the public and the handicappers. One fact is very apparent, horses trained at Newmarket do not win anything like a fair share of the handicaps during any season. I often think the Newmarket trainers do wrong in sending their horses all over the country to race instead of running them at the home meetings.

The late Mr. S. H. Hyde, who so ably managed the Kempton Park Racecourse, was very fond of birds, and even the thrushes and blackbirds round his house knew him well, and would feed right under his feet. Mr. Hyde would not allow a hare to be shot in the Park. He took no end of prizes with his fowls and pigeons, and he was a great breeder of Alderneys. I believe the new Secretary of Kempton Park will be Mr. Walter Hyde, who was assistant to his father for many years. Mr. Walter Hyde is one of the tallest men to be met with on the racecourse, while his younger brother stands at four feet nothing. As is well known, Kempton, next to Manchester, is the best dividend-earning enclosure in the country.

Complaints are again being made about the excessive charges of the South Country railway companies for taking passengers to and from racecourses. In the North of England cheap trips are all the rage, and it is possible to travel to and from a racecourse at less than the ordinary fare. But the case is altered very much when we come to meetings held in the district of the Metropolis. I think the Southern railway



W. G. QUAIFE.
Photo by Whitlock, Birmingham



THE RIVAL CAPTAINS—DR. GRACE AND MR. GLOVER.
Specially Photographed by Sergeant Locke, R.E.

companies should run early trains composed entirely of third-class carriages, and charge, say, one-third less than the ordinary return fare. Then the late specials ought to be entirely first-class, but no more than the ordinary fare should be charged. The number of passengers would, I feel certain, be largely increased, and it would pay the racecourse companies to work with the railway companies to bring about the change I propose.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

WOMEN'S WAYS.

An amusing incident which came under my notice some days ago on the clothes question recalls a fact that one is tempted by one's own particular surroundings to lose sight of sometimes. I had thought, for instance, that we women might reasonably begin to count ourselves emancipated

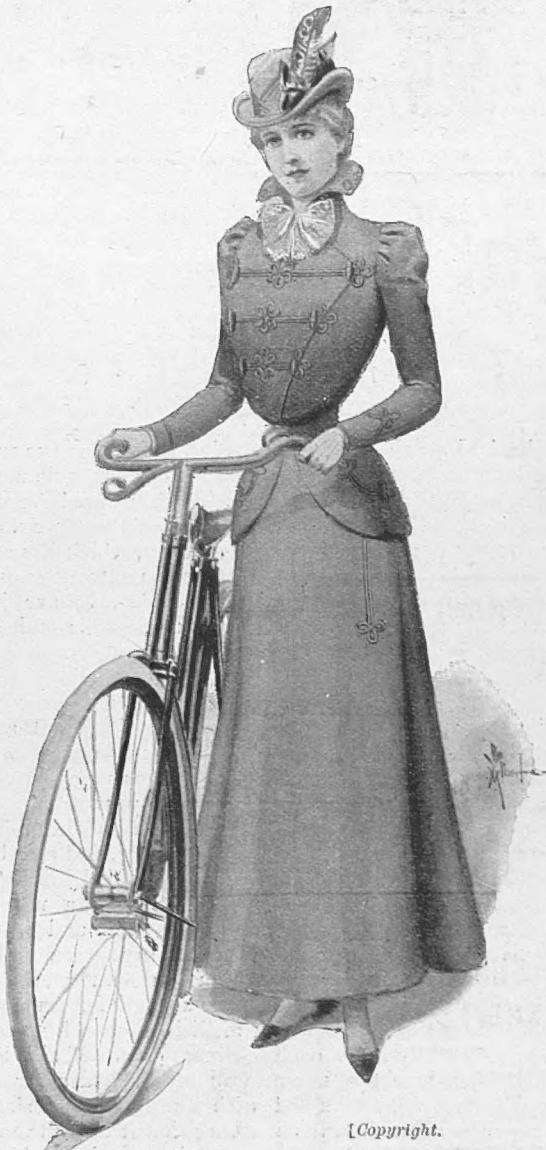


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BRAIDED CLOTH AND LACE.

nowadays, and that, as a class, we had largely broken away from fossilised prejudices and the "complete guide to conduct" which our early Victorian aunts held so dear. But that was evidently a too hasty judgment. An artist whose piquant style in presenting fashions for the fair is at the moment much affected by ladies' papers lately sent a drawing of the newest bathing-costume to a respected contemporary, which duly appeared and, no doubt, obtained its deserved modicum of admiration from sea-going dames. Shortly following its issue, however, came a reproachful address to the editor, signed by a round dozen of rigidly respectable North Country females, who denounced as unspeakable the offending divided skirts of the illustration, and furthermore declared that a paper holding such views on vestments should make one of their chaste library-list no more. Now, all novelty is refreshing, and the naïve severity of these provincial vestals—I feel sure they were elderly vestals, and uno guid at that—is interesting by reason of its very strangeness. But the surprising part is that, even in a Doreas-meeting, cathedral-town assemblage of frosty-souled spinsters, such sentiments should still smoulder on in the burnt-out ashes of an exploded prunes-and-prism period. Truly we grow young slowly in the provinces when the *chic* curves of an up-to-date piece of millinery could so afflict the cast-iron bounds of our chilly propriety. At the same time, there is doubtless something to be admired in an old-world rigidity of thought by us who, floating freely down the river of advancement, hear sometimes just a *little* too much anent the emancipation of women, of the blessings of freedom and equality, and of various other enthusiastic forecastings of a good time coming, when woman—with that absurd and over-insisted-on capital "W"—shall be in all things the equal and mental counterpart of her mate. This, however, one must freely admit, is a ridiculous outlook. For neither intellectually nor physically is the feminine gender, as ordained by

Nature and Nature's God, on the same level as that inconsiderable trifle we love to call Mere Man. Her nerves, her physique, her place in Nature's scheme for ever forbid to ambitious woman the equality, not to add the supremacy, she would so willingly claim and so loudly enforce nowadays. All this shrill shrieking for extremes is merely, moreover, a rebound from her much-mastered inactivity of past ages. But when the present seething maelström of sentiment settles back into place, we shall find our improved circumstances, it is true, but no material change from the primary limitations eternally set around our sex. Those of us who are especially gifted may now freely follow the arts (in "the graces," it is to be hoped, we do not want an education!); and such again as the well-dowered have philanthropy and the various interests provided by women's club-life to help them along the unmarried road, which, in virtue of our superior numbers, is necessarily the only one open to so many. What more than this, after all, can woman want or hope for? We may take it, I suppose, that the original intention in our connection was wifehood and motherhood, than which no honour or estate can more worthily befall us. So long as we are unfettered by the cares these inevitably bring, it works well enough, doubtless, that "an aim" should be a necessity of existence. But in married life the house-mother's natural responsibilities must always knock most loudly at her heart, whatever other outside subjects appeal to her attention. And so it is that I am entirely at issue with all these busily idle platform people who cry shame on socks and shirt-buttons and all the domesticities with inflated platitudes, and would leave both one and the other undarned, unconsidered, unsewn, while presenting visionary Utopias built on a most one-sided plan for the vacillating feminine admiration.

Women who marry will generally find their own affairs sufficiently absorbing. On the other hand, for the many who do not, nowadays there are improved conditions and outside interests in plenty with which to usefully and worthily fill their days. The old maid is nearly as dead as the dodo, or soon will be, and, replacing her prim and often piteous presence,



[Copyright.]

A NEW CYCLING-COAT.

we find the bachelor woman, self-reliant, self-supporting, and "self-contained," like the flat she mostly occupies—an outcome of modern life and its workaday necessities, if you will, but surely also a pleasant and wholesome evolution, as compared with the unsatisfied sentimentalists of a past generation.

Turning from such considerations to the more outward and visible part of our interest, as contained in the shop-window, I find the millinery afflatus in a comatose condition as regards modish matters at the moment. All the world is holiday-making—we who wear the fashions as they who create them—and to help us over the sartorial stile of another three



[Copyright.]

FOR UP-TO-DATE BATHING.

or four weeks, bathing-dresses, tailor-modes, and tea-gowns sum up most of our immediate necessities. Unlike the brook, clothes do not go on for ever, but they seem to wear out less quickly in the mid-Season of early autumn than at any other time, probably because there are no new ideas forthcoming from the mode-maker's imagination, which has curled itself up in a well-earned repose while the world wears out its Season garments. Amongst freaks of fashion of the sea-going order, I have just seen a really smart bathing-gown evolved from the ever-useful blue serge, which consists of short and rather full knickerbockers, tight below the knee, while the blouse, reaching to just above it, allows the knickerbockers to be seen. Three stripes of white braid ornament the end of blouse, and a large serge collar gives it style. It is cut away at the neck, pointed in front, and trimmed with four rows of white braid, little rounded overlapping sleeves showing the arms very prettily.

Some women have taken to bathing-hats this year at the various smart French watering-places; they are, for the most part, of the wide-brimmed, shepherdess type, tied under the chin with ribbons, and can be made to look excessively fetching. But I prefer the deftly tied silk cap aforesaid. Amongst our sketches will be found this week a rather original suggestion for smart bathers, the scolloped skirt and bodice being made of washable flannel in two vivid colours, say, green and pink, cut to suggest a seaweed effect. A design done in white cloth to represent shells outlines the shapely corsage, while a large flat-crowned bergère hat completes the outfit of this very modish mermaid. No less well-considered is the neatly built cycling-dress which will also be found in our pages. It is made of that most useful of all shades for such road-exercise, a dull tan, and, trimmed with braid only one shade darker, will never look otherwise than fresh, seeing that it owns the inestimable advantage in this dusty weather of not showing the dust. The favourite and fashionable habit of braiding is also shown up with good effect in this daintily planned tailor-made of dark Lincoln green, the skirt slit up in front to show a frilled petticoat of gros-grain of the same colour, while a cambric front, lace-trimmed, embroidered, and run through with pale-green bébé-ribbon, gives the necessary ornamental fillip without which any frock is dated as unfashionable at present.

Of tea-gowns a word may now be said in season, seeing that of all

garments they are the most comfortable and becoming at tea-time, especially in the country, where, after a long day on the moors or at tennis, or any other hard-worked diversion of the present pleasant time, the luxury of exchanging tweed for such softly falling chiffons is doubly enhanced. Most of the new gowns are made with long sleeves of lace of chiffon, and have a little V-shaped-opening at the neck. Among the more elaborate versions is one staying in the same house with me at present, and which introduced itself to me most impressively on the day of my arrival. The colours, to begin with, are most daring, but effective exceedingly, being orange-and-pink shot taffetas, with an independent over-dress of shot mouseline-de-soie in the same colouring. Around the upper skirt is sewn a flounce of white Brussels lace, headed by ruchings of the mouseline. Nothing better than the combined effect of both colours can be imagined, an Antoinette fichu and long stole-ends of the same lace toning down the front and bodice to admiration.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELSIE (Liverpool).—(1) I strongly advise you to come up to town and put yourself into Kate Reily's hands for your trousseau. All the more since, as you hint, pennies are not a premier consideration. You will then be sure of having the very best style—a circumstance not always to be counted on even with much outlay. At Dover Street they will give you a list of everything suitable and necessary for the climate also, as Kate Reily counts clients in all parts of the world. A sable cloak, like that one you admired in illustration of the 3rd inst., would, of course, be invaluable for the Canadian winter; its price would depend altogether on the quality of the fur. (2) For your second inquiry, consult Madame Dudley, of 15, Half-moon Street. I have heard excellent reports of her treatment.

GEORGINA (Chelmsford).—I have not heard of the travelling-box you speak of, but should think Foot's patent trunk was an improvement on it, for in his there are sliding drawers of graduated sizes which keep all chiffons and crushable fal-lals quite distinct and apart.

H. D.—(1) The most effective treatment for your white satin would be silver embroidery and draperies of white lace. For the going-away dress you might choose one of the new Princesse robes embroidered with different tones of chenille in the same colour; petunia or wallflower, for instance, would be charming, with a toque either in black or contrasting colour. I rarely like frock and hat to match, and a French milliner always provides a contrast to her customer's gowns rather than match, you will notice. (2) Get your perfumes and flower-scented sachets for clothes from Madame Esmée, of Brook Street. Her preparations are quite particular to herself and most delicious. (3) My reply to another correspondent will also meet your difficulties about the lace-box. Have a Foot's patent trunk. You will find their shop at 171, New Bond Street.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—(1) Your house seems to own many possibilities, and the ingle-nooked square hall would not be one of the least desirable. Where I should disagree with you is in the intention of putting it into the village carpenter's hands. These artistic ambitions should not be left to local genius. I have tried the plan myself, and found it fail. Be well advised, and consult Hewetsons, who are specialists in these matters. The hall and dining-room, being both oak-panelled, deserve skilful treatment in their restoration. (2) Yes. I have seen the acetylene gas tried in a country house, and it answers very well; but I do not know where to direct you for particulars. Perhaps Hewetsons would do it for you.

SYBIL.

RHODESIAN CHALLENGE SHIELD.

This trophy (the work of Mappin and Webb) has just been presented by the British South Africa Company to be shot for in Southern Rhodesia by teams of ten representing any rifle club or troop of the company's police. It has been modelled in sterling silver from a drawing by

Mrs. Jane E. Cook, whose design was personally commended by Mr. Cecil Rhodes. The sixteen allegorical panels which compose the shield are surmounted by the arms of the Chartered Company, and on the upper part are the heads of buffalo, koodoo, and hartebeeste. The company's motto is illustrated by the three upper panels, which portray respectively, (1) Freedom, with the company's flag and an olive-branch, supported by the British Lion; (2) Commerce, with Mercury and Dolphin, and in background an elephant and ostrich; (3) Justice, with the Charter, the attendant holding scales and dove of mercy. Immediately below, the figures of Fame and Sorrow are modelled above the central panel, depicting the last stand of Major Wilson's patrol on the Shangani River, boldly chased in bas-relief, after the celebrated picture by Allan Stewart, "To the Memory of the Brave."

The latter now hangs in the Public Library at Bulawayo, having been presented by Mr. George Cawston. The remaining panels are symbolical of the staff, working, and the surroundings of the Chartered Company, including a portrait of a trooper who was present at the Diamond Jubilee Review.



A SHOOTING TROPHY.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Aug. 29.

MONEY.

The most interesting feature in last week's Bank Return was the large reduction in market supplies of cash, "Other Deposits" having been reduced by very little short of two millions sterling, although the total amount is five and a-half millions more than it was a year ago. The advance of £1,232,394 in public deposits is mainly responsible for such a heavy decrease. During the week there was a considerable amount of currency received from the provinces and abroad, Australia having contributed £115,000. To counterbalance this, a good deal of money was required for the payment of calls on new issues, while the banks were also reducing their balances at the Bank of England to pay the railway dividends due in the middle of the month. Three millions sterling of India Debentures were redeemed without having any visible effect upon the floating supply of cash, and once more has the India Council lent a large amount at $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. until the middle of September. Discount rates for fine bills have been inclined to harden, three months' best paper being quoted $1\frac{7}{10}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while six months' bank bills are about $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 per cent. higher than this. Short loans have been obtained as cheaply as $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—in fact, the head of a discount house to-day observed that he supposed the next thing we should see would be a backwardation on money. Silver has hardly moved from $27\frac{1}{2}$ d., at which it appears to have taken up its holiday quarters, and business in the inferior metal has been almost at a standstill. Gold is steady round about 77s. $10\frac{1}{2}$ d., and a consignment from Africa was sold to Japan without appearing in the open market at all. The special settlement of the New India Scrip, 46 per cent. paid, took place without affecting the Money Market, and Contangoes were easily arranged at rates varying from 2 to 1 per cent. New issues are still conspicuous by their absence, but the underwriters are busy with advance prospectuses of an amount of £900,000 Atlantic and Lake Superior 4 per cent. Mortgage Bonds, which will probably be offered to the public at 95.

YANKEES.

Strange as it may appear, it is, nevertheless, a fact that the long-expected does sometimes happen in Stock Exchange matters, and the American boomlet has at last been with us. The conclusion of peace had been discounted half-a-dozen times before the protocol was actually signed, and as many relapses had sorely tried the spirits of the few remaining "bulls" that were left on this side of the Atlantic. But there was no mistaking the temper of the market when the Settlement had been arranged, and the coast was clear for a nineteen days' run. A rush of buying orders came from Wall Street, and appeared to mop up all the floating supply of shares in London almost before the market here was ready for the rise it had been expecting for the last fourteen weeks. The bidding was for lines of thousands of shares, not for hundreds. For once in a way, there actually seemed to be some solid ground for the rise to start from. Every mail brings optimistic reports about the splendid harvest which is assured to the farmers of the States, and the trade that was held back by reason of the war has shown signs of contributing to the railroads such consignments as will send the traffics up by leaps and bounds. Traffics, however, are a detail to the Yankee Market here, which obediently follows Wall Street in its every mood and caprice. It is precisely this blind devotion to New York which makes Yankee Rails at once so fascinating and so dangerous a gambling counter. Bold and unscrupulous to a degree which would never be tolerated for one moment in our country are the railway "bosses" of the States, and their tactics range far beyond the bounds of the anticipated; wherefore, a deal in "Yanks" is a speculation with a greater degree of uncertainty attached than can easily be found in any other department of the Stock Exchange. The investor, looking ahead, should resolutely refuse to be tempted to touch any but the best shares, such as Pennsylvanias, New York Central, or Illinois. Shares in such companies as the Louisville and Milwaukee Railroads are at the mercy of the New York cliques; and as for the Common shares in the Yankee Market, they are likely to cause far more anxiety than they are worth. The Preferred shares of the reconstructed roads are living a very hand-to-mouth existence as regards dividends in most cases, but from the list of American bonds the man who hankers after some kind of Yankee security can select 4 per cent. stocks after his own heart. For the moment, we are inclined to look for a rising market, but, with the restoration of peace, the eternal rate-war question is cropping up once more, and the latest "cut" is that said to be contemplated between the Louisville and Illinois Companies. A veteran jobber opined that the Wall Street people again intended to run up prices in order to tempt Londoners to buy, and, when this object was attained, to unload upon us at the higher levels, and there may be something in that dealer's suggestion.

GRAND TRUNKS.

Is the "boom" played out? Decrease after decrease in the traffic returns have come as cold douches for some time, the market estimate being usually wide of the mark in its optimism. Disappointment is the keynote of the situation. Trunks were a House tip for months before the "boom" actually started, and, when once the rise came, there sprang into existence a Trunks-at-any-price Party which forced up values far above all reasonable limits. A huge "bull" account was piled up, and the rump of this still serves as an element of weakness to the top-heavy

market that is looking vainly for support from its old friends. They, alas! are too heavily committed to afford any substantial assistance, and the rest of the speculative public is standing off Trunks just now, so that the stocks have little but their own intrinsic merits to recommend them. The present may be an advantageous time from which to review the position of Trunks.

The rate-war is, of course, the first thing to be thought of. That in itself can be at most a somewhat short-lived affair, when one is considering the future of the line. The war is bound to terminate sooner or later, and the Trunk speculator must ever keep his eyes in front. It is hardly surprising that the announcement of the company's inability to carry forward more than £2500, after providing the full Guaranteed stock's dividend, should have caused a heavy fall, since a general expectation had been fostered that the First Preference would get at least 1 per cent., if not more. To pay the full 2 per cent. on the Guaranteed stock took £104,395, and working expenses ran away with the profits to an alarming extent in the last half-year. Now the hopes of the "bulls" are fixed on the current half-year, which is the "fat" one, and, if the full $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is to be forthcoming on the First Preference—as the more ardent "bulls" confidently assert that it will—the profits will have to be augmented by another £85,500 to meet the charge. Whether they will be so enlarged in this half-year or not depends largely upon the rate-war, and, if that trouble is once removed, the expansion of Canadian trade as a result of the harvest and the termination of the Hispano-American War ought to provide plenty of freights for both the Canadian companies. It is pretty safe to assume that Trunk prices will advance sharply on any definite news of a "cut"—settlement, but we are by no means sure that the First Preference holders will have their full dividend next February, and the purchaser to-day is putting his money into a stock that may require a long seclusion before it yields him the full £7 18s. 9d. per cent. on his investment. No dividend has been paid since April 1891, when it received $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and in the previous year the profits came to £264,209. Upon the course of Firsts depend those of the junior securities, which we consider are still a good way from any visible hope of dividends.

CYCLE SHARES.

The Hooley disclosures have brought us a number of letters from anxious correspondents asking what they shall do with their Cycle shares. We have repeatedly expressed our dislike of many of the undertakings overladen with excessive capitalisation, which synchronises, as a rule, with depressed prices. The craze for these shares has passed, and the wreckage it has left behind is enough to make cyclists weep. In the London Stock Exchange the "Market" has dwindled down to two firms, both of which find themselves compelled to undo most of their bargains either in Birmingham or Dublin—so insignificant is the amount of business doing in London. That such a state of things should ever have come to pass is a striking testimony to the beautiful system of asking a sum largely in excess of what the business may be worth that is to be offered to the public—one of the most striking characteristics of the financial *fin-de-siècle*. The companies in many cases are doing a steady trade, although some are already in need of funds, but we fear that the year's reports will bring very small satisfaction to the shareholders in some of the cycling ventures. The Dunlop Company stands alone, its patents being its sole support, and they are liable to be improved upon, superseded, at any time, but Singer's may do well when the capital has been cut down. Cycle companies have not yet drained the last dregs of their humiliation; but when the mill of reconstruction shall have shorn off some of the superfluous figures from their "front sheets," we may have kinder things to say about a praiseworthy, albeit cruelly over-financed, industry.

KAFFIRS.

Ever since the unfortunate raid which ushered in 1896, the Kaffir Market has suffered from a loss of confidence on the part of the public, which has not, so far, been regained to any appreciable extent. People who own Kaffirs in many cases would have to face a loss on realising their shares at to-day's prices, and there seems no inclination either for present holders to average or for fresh recruits to join the lists of South African gold-mining companies. The position in the Stock Exchange is a peculiar one, for, in spite of the utter nonchalance shown towards Kaffirs by the general public, quotations for the best class of gold shares are, in House phraseology, "as hard as nails." A "bear" account certainly exists in some of the higher-priced things, such as Robinsons and Crown Reefs, but the dealers are becoming more and more chary of selling shares which they have not got on their books, and, on any public buying, a decided rise would probably take place. At such a juncture as this, the report on the Mining Industry of the Transvaal, which has just been forwarded to the Raad by their official Mining Engineer, is particularly valuable. The report principally deals with the conditions which prevailed last year, but it also states that the heavy decline in the value of Transvaal Mining shares is largely due to the greed and misrepresentation of promoters. The report goes on to say that there were 198 gold-mines in operation at the beginning of 1897, and of these only 28 paid any dividend at all. Sixty-four others paid nothing, and the other 106 were in course of development. It is interesting to learn that, in spite of all difficulties, over $11\frac{1}{2}$ million pounds were produced in 1897, being an increase of three millions over the yield of 1896, and to obtain this sum 5,741,311 tons were crushed, thus giving a return of about £2 per ton. An average net profit remained,

after paying expenses, of 13s. 4d. per ton, and the Government did not exercise its power to levy the tax of 2½ per cent. to which it is entitled. Dynamite was reduced by 10s. per case, and a slight reduction took place in railway rates.

The greatest difficulty, however, with which the industry has to contend is the labour question. Thefts of gold last year were estimated at between 10 and 20 per cent. of the amount produced; the illicit liquor traffic cost the mines £750,000, simply through the drunkenness of the natives; and the premiums charged for Kaffir "boys" to work in the mines are set down at £3 per head, making a total estimated loss of £2,150,000. Against this the report sets the steady increase in the amount of gold produced within the last ten years, and calls attention to the large savings that are being made by the introduction of modern machinery, and by the reduction of the cost of getting the gold. For instance, it took 73,387 labourers in 1896 to raise 4,803,033 tons of ore, while last year 6,843,833 tons were produced by 78,657 men. A large decrease in the area of claims being worked is attributed to the abandonment of many which had been proved valueless by trial crushings. On the whole, the report appears to favour the hope that the best mines, at all events, may live happily for the remainder of their "lives." We trust that it will have a beneficial effect in opening the eyes of the Volksraad.

KLONDYKE COMPANIES.

Great was the metaphorical flourish of trumpets, great the heart-searchings of many an out-of-work jobber, when the little Klondyke Market first established itself in the unfinished wing of the Kangaroo department in the Stock Exchange. The situation was, appropriately enough, the very bleakest and most cheerless that could have been found, but the dangers of the draughty square were bravely faced by a few hardy adventurers, and, when Mr. Lionel Harris brought his powerful lungs to its assistance, the Klondyke Market fairly "started on its own." Some House scoffers wanted to know what it was going to deal in, only some six or seven companies having been issued; but where a demand springs up in the world of stocks and shares, the company-promoter is usually on the ground pretty soon after with a supply of what is wanted. So to-day there may be seen in the Klondyke Market of the House a list of over three dozen Alaskan and British Columbian undertakings, most of which entirely owe their birth to the boom that was timed to start last March, but which has not yet hove into sight. Out of those three dozen companies, not half-a-dozen have anything approaching a free market, and, with the exception of the British America Corporation and Hall Mines shares, dealing has become almost entirely "a matter of negotiation." When that phrase comes into usage, it is an understood thing in the House that a buyer is usually much more welcome than a seller. Those holders who are in the happy position of being able to realise their shares at a profit will probably have every opportunity of buying back cheaper in the coming winter if they elect to sell now, and those who can get their money back without loss should not neglect a chance that may not come again for some considerable time. Little more than a month remains of the present season to those on the hunt for gold in the frozen region of the Yukon, and then the long winter closes in, making all attempts at mining out of the question until next April. Last week it was declared that Klondyke receipts of gold at Seattle amounted to 12,000,000 dollars for July. Nearly two and a-half million pounds sterling for a month sounds a good deal, and the statistics, if correct, are probably only a part of the whole amount of gold won; but, when the immense army of workers on the field is considered, and when one remembers that the total sum is largely made up of a few "lucky finds" here and there, one feels inclined to ask whether there will be enough to go round, after all.

RHODESIA.

We have received the following letter from the Hon. Maurice R. Gifford, C.M.G., which will be particularly interesting to our Stock Exchange readers, who feel a personal concern in the popular leader of the Rhodesian Horse after his visit to the House last July—

To the City Editor of *The Sketch*.

DEAR SIR.—In your Money Market article of Aug. 10, headed "Rhodesia," I note that you say, "For I hear the Camperdown had the other day what is described as a trial crushing, with the result that 161½ oz. were got from 250 lb. of quartz." This statement, I wish to inform you, is incorrect. The following is what took place. Firstly, the Camperdown reef is owned by a development syndicate, and is only in the developing stage, not having been yet considered sufficiently developed to float into a mining company; secondly, it has always been a wonderful reef for showing visible gold, and the mine-manager having reported that many natives and white men who visited it carried away specimens, I instructed him to have all the quartz he could find on the dump showing visible gold crushed by the pestle and mortar and panned: the result of the panning to be sent into Bulawayo to be melted into a bar. The result was, from about a ton of ore we obtained 60 oz. 5 gr. of gold. This was in no way done to mislead the public, but to prevent the ore with visible gold being carried away.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

MAURICE R. GIFFORD,
Late General Manager of U.M.C.D. Syndicate.

Of course, it is most probable that the crushing to which our correspondent alluded as hearsay was from some of the specimens carried away from the mine, as Mr. Gifford says, by the "many natives and white men who visited it."

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Hot hasn't been the word for it; and the principal interest this week, after the rise in the American Market, has been devoted to the search for the most cooling drink. Waistcoats have been at a discount, and the Yankee jobbers have vainly endeavoured to keep their hands literally clean by the usual House device of turning their cuffs well over their coat-sleeves. Consols felt the effect of the sultry weather, and dozed off to 110½, in spite of money being almost unlendably cheap, and the foreign political atmosphere pretty clear. A large block of Goschens was sold at a time when the market did not want it, and, until the absorption of this line is complete, the Funds will probably remain dull. A new Indian 3½ per cent. rupee loan of 120 lacs will shortly be offered for tender, the minimum rate being fixed at 94½. The price is 8½ per cent. less than was obtained only two years ago. Rupee Paper now stands at 63, and the result of the present issue we shall await with a good deal of curiosity. The betting in the Consol Market is in favour of a premium being obtained. Talking of betting, a junior clerk in a small firm of jobbers was discovered the other day with a regular racing "book." The precocious youth—he is only eighteen—ran up a debt of £44, which he was unable to pay. The creditor immediately laid the case before the boy's employers, and it was then discovered that two senior clerks had connived at the offence. That office has now a fresh staff.

The statisticians have been busy in the Home Railway Market, their energies being supplemented by the tardy publication of last year's railway returns. The latter show that the receipts from all sources came to the astounding total of nearly ninety-four millions sterling, and a big increase has taken place in every department. It is also pointed out that the average wages-bill of our railways for the past six months is about £26,000 more than it was a year ago. The London and North-Western alone paid £120,000 for wages in excess of that paid for the corresponding six months of 1897. Great Westerns have at last shown a tendency to harden, encouraged by a little judicious puffing in the House, and the new stock is quoted at 52. Barry New Ordinary at 235 looks distinctly cheaper than the Old Ordinary at 280, although the latter price is still *cum* rights. Believers in the Barry Company who cannot take up such an expensive luxury as new stock issued at 200 per cent. should sell sufficient of their old stock when it is quoted *ex* rights as will enable them to take up their allotments of the new. Dover "A" at 108½ are now only 3 points above the lowest price touched this year.

The Foreign Market has seen a sharp decline in the Buenos Ayres gold premium without much effect having been produced upon Argentine securities. Business in this department has been so quiet that even the absence of Mr. "Slammer" Williams has been bearable. His partner still stands disconsolate over the plate where the two parishes meet in which the Stock Exchange stands. That little brass plate let into the floor of the Foreign Market has been the cause of endless wonderment to the broker, who cannot for the life of him make out what the mysterious initials represent. "St. B. F." is clearly enough St. Benet Fink, but "St. B. E." is a puzzler. Mr. Prior, who has stood over the mysterious plate for almost as long a time as it has been there, opines that the initials must refer to St. Bartholomew, Exchange, but the church itself—where has that gone? It is said that the Bank of England stands in three parishes, and that its beautiful garden was once a churchyard.

To return from the antique to the modern, the Miscellaneous Market has been much exercised over the latest move of Sir Thomas Lipton, which is said to be no less than the acquisition of about 30,000 acres of land in Mexico as plantations for coffee, tobacco, and cocoa. The Ordinary shares have advanced to 2½. Another point of interest in this market has been the passing of the resolutions for the reduction of the Trustees' Executors' Insurance capital. Allsopps have been agitated by the usual crop of hop rumours, and Fine Cottons improved to ½ premium. The market is going for a dividend of anything between 5s. to 7s. 6d. a share on Russian Oils. I hear that, although the draft prospectus of the new Shansi Company is being very privately circulated, the directorate is not yet complete. Pekin Syndicate shares, meanwhile, are only 11½. Anglo-American Telegraph descriptions have benefited very little by the conclusion of peace between the belligerent nations. A new telegraph line has been opened this week between Brest and Cape Cod, but without affecting any prices in our market. The only dividend about which the House is really curious at the present time is that of the Milwaukee and Chicago Railroad, and on this the ardent "bulls" are looking for 6 per cent. at the end of the month.

It is in quiet times such as these that the opportunity is presented for minor improvements within the Stock Exchange, and I am glad that one of the Official List desks is at last to be moved into a less inconvenient position. The holiday necessitated by the change came as a boon and a blessing to the listless members left in town during this nineteen-day Account. Might I suggest to the Committee an alteration in the Official List itself? Admitting that the publication is the greatest storehouse of general information that can be obtained for sixpence for the first copy, and a penny for every one after, its usefulness would be greatly enhanced by the addition of a column giving the closing prices of the previous day. Of course, such an addition would entail the expenditure of rather more trouble upon Mr. Wetenhall, but it is already done in the provinces—for example, Manchester, where the double columns prove of immense service to the members of the Northern Stock Exchange. Were a petition to be prepared for the obtaining of this object, brokers, jobbers, bankers, clients, and financial journalists would probably be found in plenty to support the humble suggestion of

Saturday, Aug. 20, 1898.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. R.—The price is depressed owing to the bad crushings of late, but the mine has always been a "pocketty" one; we should not sell.

H. J. E.—We hear very favourable accounts of the property, and should feel inclined to hold until the Westralian Market comes to life again.

INK.—You should follow our columns. (1) The price depends largely upon the course of the gold premium, but we think you should take advantage of any rise to get out, and not wait till 1899. (2) See our last remark to "H. J. E."

We publish the following letter from a firm of solicitors complaining of our remarks *re* Mark Davis, Esq., which appeared in our last week's issue. We need hardly say that there was no intention on our part to hold Mr. Mark Davis up to ridicule and contempt—

GENTLEMEN.—We have been consulted by Mr. Mark Davis as to a paragraph contained in your publication *The Sketch* of the 17th inst., under the heading of "City Notes," wherein you hold that gentleman up to public ridicule and contempt.

Unless in the course of the present week we receive an ample apology for this libel and an assurance that there will be no repetition of the ground of complaint, our instructions are to bring an action against you for recovery of damages.—

MORLEY, SHIRREFF, AND CO.